

THE
MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY

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For the Anthology.

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

THE coincidence between the two great Poets of Antiquity has been so often touched upon by eminent writers, that it may be deemed presumption even to attempt, what they have left unattempted. However, it is believed that the time is not wholly lost, nor the labour entirely thrown away, if the avowal of even an *erroneous opinion* provoke abler pens to investigation and scrutiny. The literary culprit, whose sins are detected and exposed, may feel his confidence humbled; but the commonwealth of letters gains stability by the conviction.

To discover *novelty in things ancient* has been the constant aim of learned men from the days of remote antiquity to the present. Virgil, who was fed by the munificence of Augustus, was undoubtedly anxious to employ his Muse on a subject, that would ensure to him the future confidence of that monarch. This could not have been done in any manner more effectually, than by giving the popular tale, that Æneas was the founder of the Roman empire, the sanction of his muse. He accordingly takes Homer for his guide

throughout, models his ideas on the Roman scale, and executes the most finished piece of flattery to his countrymen and their monarch, that the world ever saw. It is suggested as a probable conjecture, that the *following passage from the Iliad first gave to the Mantuan bard a glimpse of his project*. The reader will pardon me for having recourse only to Mr. Pope's translation, as the original is not now in my possession; but if he will take the trouble to recur to it, he will find that the translator has not exceeded the limits of his province. During the rencounter between Achilles and Æneas, while the life of the latter hero is in the most imminent danger, a conversation ensues between the two deities in waiting, Juno and Neptune, on the propriety of his rescue. Juno, with characteristick malevolence, declines any interference whatever; but Neptune, less inexorable, exclaims:

‘And can ye see this righteous chief
atone
With guiltless blood for vices not his own?
To all the gods his constant vows are paid,
Sure, tho’ he wars for Troy, he claims our
aid.’

*Fate wills not this ; nor thus can Jove
resign*

The future father of the Dardan line.

The first great ancestor obtain'd his
grace,

And still his love descends to all his
race.

For Priam now, and Priam's faithless
kind,

At length are odious to the All-seeing
mind.

*On great Æneas shall devolve the reign,
And sons succeeding sons the lasting line
sustain.'*

Here seems something like supernatural authority for the tradition, on which Virgil built his poem. Æneas is described as a man of extraordinary piety to the gods, and one whom the fates have ordained to be the future founder of a powerful empire. Neptune, then, in pursuance of his resolution, rescues Æneas from danger :

'Swift interpos'd between the warrior's
eyes,
And casts thick darkness o'er Achilles'
eyes.'

After having conveyed him to a place of security, he leaves him with a gentle admonition not to provoke in future an arm so much superiour to his own. Homer, at the same time he informs us that Æneas did not venture on the combat without supernatural assistance, to raise the character of Achilles still higher in our estimation, gives us to understand that all such help is unavailing :

'Lo ! on the brink of fate Æneas stands,
An instant victim to Achilles' hands ;
By Phœbus urg'd ; but Phœbus has be-
stow'd

*His aid in vain ; the man o'erpowers the
god.'*

That the muse of Virgil did not pass over this remarkable passage "intacto pede," is manifest. Neptune once in the *Iliad*, and twice in the *Æneid*, preserves Æneas from imminent danger. When

he does this kind office for the last time, he expressly refers to what he had formerly done. These are his words :

.....'Cum Troia Achilles,
Examinata sequem impingeret agmina
muris

Millia multa daret letho ; gemerent-
que repleti

Amnes nec reperire viam ; atque evol-
vene pascit

In mare se Xanthus Pelidæ ; tum ego
forti

Congressum Æneadem nec diis nec viribus
equis

Nube cava eripui.'

Dryden's translation of the passage runs thus :

'Thee Xanthus, and thee Simois I at-
test !

Your Trojan troops when proud Achil-
les prest ;

And drove before him headlong on
the plain,

And dash'd against their walls the
trembling train,

When floods were fill'd with bodies
of the slain :

When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of
his way,

Stood up on ridges to behold the sea,
New heaps came tumbling in and
choak'd his way ;

When your Æneas fought ; but fought
with odds,

*Of force unequal, and unequal gods ;
I spread a cloud before the warrior's sight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his
flight.'*

In no other part of the *Iliad*, than the one above quoted, is Æneas described as a man of uncommon piety ; neither is there in any other instance the slightest intimation given, that he was to be the founder of a future empire. In that passage both of these qualities are particularly pointed out. We have further to consider, that Neptune, the preserver of Æneas, was decidedly averse to the success of the Trojan arms, and employed all the influence of his divinity to succour their enemies. Virgil

deemed this so brilliant a plume on the head of his hero, that he employs Neptune twice in the same benevolent office. He still makes his godship declare, that his ancient hostility to Troy continues unabated, while he is still solicitous to preserve one of her most celebrated heroes :

‘Cuperem cum vertere ad imo
Structa meis manibus perjuræ mœnia
Trojæ,
Nunc, quoq : mem eadem prestat mihi.’
‘Even then secur’d him when I sought
with joy
The vow’d destruction of ungrateful
Troy ;
My will’s the same.’

In the speech, which Homer puts into the mouth of Neptune is described the two qualities of the Trojan hero, which Virgil improves afterwards so much to his advantage. He is every where the *pious Æneas* ; he is all along forewarned by the fates, that he is to be the father of a *mighty people*.

To fortify the supposition that Virgil drew his first outline of Æneas from the above passage in Homer, we have, then, the evidence of his employing the same deity twice for the same end ; we have the evidence of his expressly referring to that very passage, which explicitly predicts what Virgil brings to pass. The beautiful vision of Æneas in the Elysian fields, where he beholds his future race passing in review, may be considered as nothing more than a *poetical recognition of Homer’s ideas*. By so considering the question, the two great masters of the lyre preserve harmony with each other, and Homer himself may be said to have *passed a panegyric on Augustus*.

It may not be improper here to notice a criticism of Lord Kaimes, although not immediately connec-

ted with the present subject. His Lordship, in the first volume of his *Elements of Criticism*, thus expresses himself. “An episode in a narrative poem, being in fact an accessory, demands not that strict union with the principal subject, which is requisite between an whole and its constituent parts : it demands, however, a degree of union, such as ought to subsist between a principal and accessory, and therefore will not be graceful, if it is barely connected with the principal subject. I give for an example the descent of Æneas into hell, which occupies the 6th book of the *Æneid* ; the reader is not prepared for the important event. No cause is assigned, that can make it appear necessary, or even natural, to suspend for a time the principal action in its most interesting period. The poet can find no pretext for an adventure so extraordinary, but the hero’s longing desire to visit the ghost of his father, recently dead. In the mean time the story is interrupted, and the reader loses his ardour. Pity it is, that an episode, so extremely beautiful, were not more happily introduced.”

His lordship, in his selection of the 6th Book of the *Æneid* as an object for his censure, is peculiarly unfortunate. It was so necessary to the completion of Virgil’s design, that his whole poem would have been uninteresting to the Romans, if that vision was omitted. It has been already stated, that it was the design of the poet to flatter the vanity of his countrymen, by giving a kind of supernatural sanction to a questionable historical fact, that Æneas was the founder of Rome. The poet, therefore, employs the machinery of his poem for that purpose, and to impress it on the mind of Æne-

as beyond all doubt, he gratifies him with a view of his future descendants. Amongst these the poet has taken especial care to represent the heroes of his country, and Augustus himself, who was more particularly the object of his adulation.

*'Hic vir, hic est tibi quem promitti
sapius audis
Augustus Cæsar; Divi genus: aurea
condit
Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per
arva.'*

In no other manner was it possible for the poet to have accomplished, so effectually, his end. What then his lordship means by his assertion, that "no cause is assigned, that can make it appear necessary, or even natural, to suspend for a time the principal action in its most interesting period," it is difficult to comprehend. His "principal action" was to settle Æneas in Italy; and no stronger inducement could be offered to fix his wavering mind into that determination, than by making him become the spectator of the future glories of his race. The episode, therefore, is so artfully introduced, as to answer a twofold purpose, to raise the ambition of Æneas, and to gratify the vanity of the Roman people by a most elegant compliment. His lordship is equally unfortunate in his assertion, that the "poet can find no pretext for an adventure so extraordinary, but the hero's desire to visit the ghost of his father, recently dead." Anchises, in the 5th Book, explicitly promises him this interview with *his posterity*, if he would comply with his injunction and visit the fields of Elysium. *'Tum genus omne tuum, et quædenter mænia disces.'* That this interview was necessary to fix Æneas in his purpose is evident from his

having passed so much of his time in wanton dalliance with Dido, notwithstanding he had been forewarned by fate, that Italy was the part of his destination. Anchises seems to have a delicate allusion to this, when he asks him in the Elysian fields,

*'An dubitamus adhuc virtutem extendere factes?
Aut metus Ausonia prohibet consistere terra?'*

This previous irresolution and incredulity of Æneas is finely imagined by the poet to make this vision the more indispensable. Afterwards he is no longer troubled by doubts and misgivings, but lands in Italy, and fights his battles with confidence. That "the reader is not prepared for that important event," as his lordship suggests, is acknowledged; and from hence results novelty and surprise infinitely more acceptable to the mind, than if it had anticipated that event. If this is the ground of his lordship's hostility, that "the mind of the reader is unprepared for the event," every passage in every volume, which cannot be anticipated by the reader before perusal, is subject to a similar reprobation, and which, because it could be anticipated, would render it unnecessary to be read. The real question is not whether "the mind of the reader is prepared for the passage," but whether, "after the passage is read, any incongruity can be discovered between that, and what goes before, or follows after. This is not even pretended by his lordship. Neither is the assertion correct, that "the reader loses his ardour." When such great events are foretold, as were foretold to Æneas in vision, and which were all to be accomplished by the landing of that hero in

Italy, the reader feels an *increased anxiety* for his arrival at the theatre of such mighty exploit. Nay, so strong is the interest, excited in consequence of this vision, that the mind feels disposed to forgive the treachery and turpitude of the Trojan prince to Dido ; his subsequent victory over the injured Turnus ; and charges all his own treachery and ingratitude on *the fates*. The poet, by interweaving this vision in his poem, has contrived an artful apology for his

hero, by representing him, not as the *agent* of his own *chain*, but an *organ* in the hands of the *Gods*. Without such intervention, the crimes of Æneas would have received what they merited, the censure, instead of the applause of the reader. It is therefore concluded, in the language of the *noble critick*, that " this episode has such a degree of union with the principal subject, as ought to subsist between a principal and accessory." R.

DESCRIPTION

OF THE NEW EXCHANGE-HALL AT HAMBURGH.

BY M. GERHARD VON HOSSTRUP.

HAMBURGH contains various places of resort for profit and pleasure, such as the Exchange, the Patriotick Society, the Harmony, different clubs, coffee-houses, &c. In other cities, far inferior in rank to Hamburgh, we find, besides these, a Museum, or some other new place of resort erected, to which the higher classes of the inhabitants repair for the purpose of either deriving mutual profit, or enjoying recreation in the perusal of the publick journals and new books, or in conversation and other social amusements.

At Hamburgh the places of publick resort are numerous, but they are partly periodical, partly confined to a limited circle, and to particular objects. In houses for general accommodation, where no bond of social union exists, the foreigner, and frequently the native too, is obliged to seek amusement within himself alone. Many celebrated houses are not calculated for the grave, sober man ;

and other establishments, as they grow old, no longer afford conveniences adapted to the necessities of modern times and manners.

The Exchange alone retains its general interest and dignity unimpaired. But the greatness of this name, which creates the idea of an immense correspondence, and the most extensive operation on all the quarters of the globe, is to be ascribed solely to the assemblage of merchants and men of business, and not to the place itself, for, excepting at the time when they meet, it is open for admission to all descriptions of people.

The defects of the Exchange at Hamburgh are so notorious, that I shall not attempt to enumerate them here. I shall only notice the want of room, the want of covering, and the inconvenience and uncertainty of meeting with any person out of the regular exchange hours, because these circumstances are connected with

the remedy I have sought to apply by means of an Exchange-hall. Even during exchange-hours the merchant frequently stands in need of a neighbouring place of resort, either for shelter, partly to meet others on particular business, &c. ; in short he wishes for a place to serve for the same purposes as the celebrated Lloyd's Subscription Coffee-house in London.

Being intimately acquainted with the places of resort at Hamburgh, I was daily more convinced that they were much too small for the magnitude of the city, and that a far more extensive plan would be required to form on a large scale for that respectable place what other towns possess only on a small one. I imparted my ideas to some friends, men of the highest respectability, of the most fervent patriotism, and animated with the most sincere desire to promote the honour and splendour of our small but happy republick. They not only encouraged by their approbation my wishes to become the founder of an establishment commensurate with the dignity and commercial relations of Hamburgh, but furnished me with new ideas, and thus brought to maturity the plan which, in the year 1802, I had the honour to submit to my mercantile fellow-citizens.

The publick spirit which particularly distinguishes the inhabitants of Hamburgh, and prompts them to support and execute with the greatest zeal whatever may tend to the profit or fame of their city, was now to decide the merits of my scheme. This decision I obtained in the course of a few days, in the completion of the number of subscribers I had demanded.

I could scarcely have experienced more honourable encouragement, and immediately proceeded to the execution of the plan, firmly resolved to spare neither pains nor expense to fulfil my promise and to satisfy, perhaps surpass, the general expectation.

This, however, more than doubled my estimate of expenses ; but I was justified in placing the firmest reliance on the patriotick spirit of Hamburgh, which never suffers even the greatest undertakings of this nature to fall to the ground for want of encouragement. I sought a resource for this in a considerable increase of the subscription-money. This measure I adopted with the greatest reluctance ; but I had the satisfaction to see that there was scarcely a single individual by whom it was not highly approved.

My wish was, to produce something unique in its kind, which was not borrowed from other towns, but which should itself serve for a model. A particular circumstance favoured my design, and confirmed my resolution to spare no expense.— This was the assistance of M. Rameé, a French architect settled at Hamburgh, an artist distinguished for his uncommon taste as well as for the novelty and comprehensiveness of his ideas, and who previous to the Revolution, had established himself as an architect at Paris. He devoted himself with zeal to the undertaking ; and I may with truth assert, that, had it not been for him and his connections, the work would not have been executed in that style in which it now appears.

Commenced with omens and circumstances so favourable, this important and useful work, the foundation of which I consider the

greatest merit of my life, is now completed. For any higher degree of perfection to which it may attain in the course of time, it will be solely indebted to the brilliant patriotism of Hamburgh, to the direction of which I invariably submit.

I shall now proceed to a brief description of the Exchange-hall. This structure is situated near the Exchange, in the street called *Bohnenstrasse*. The façade is in an elegant style. The entrance has three arcades supported by columns of the Doric order, without pedestals. The steps run the whole breadth of the three arcades. The intervals of these arcades are decorated above the capitals with Genii holding garlands of flowers and fruits in *basso relievo*. Above the arcades are figures of Mercury's caduceus. The ends of the building are without windows. To the right and left of the flight of steps are the doors that lead to the ground floor of the building. The lower part of the arcades form a peristyle: to the right is the porter's lodge, and to the left a stair-case, leading to the ball and concert room, in the second story, and to the balcony. This balcony is of the same dimensions as the peristyle above which it is situated; it is vaulted, and is twenty-two feet in diameter. The vaulting is divided into compartments decorated with roses and other ornaments. A niche between the arch and the windows of the concert-room is adorned with a *basso relievo* composed of five figures as large as life; namely, in the centre, Minerva and Mercury doing homage to Plenty. To the right is the river Elbe, under the usual form of a venerable old man; and on the left you perceive the Genius of Science, and that of

Commerce. The third or attick story terminates the façade, and is provided with a row of Doric pilasters, above which is a pediment.

I shall now conduct the reader into the interior of the building, and make him acquainted with the purpose and destination of each division.

From the peristyle, which has very large windows throughout its whole breadth, you go behind the centre arcade into the Hall, which is spacious, in a simple style, and decorated on each side with a row of single statues. Its length is eighty-four, and its breadth forty-two feet. This is the place which is appropriated to the general assemblage of merchants and men of business. Every thing that can contribute to convenience and utility is to be found here. A space in front, which is divided by a bar from the principal part of the hall, is for non-subscribers who may wish to speak to any of the subscribers, for which purpose they must address themselves to the porter. From the hall you proceed into several saloons and apartments, which are as follow.

The Egyptian Saloon, surrounded with columns of granite, surmounted with bronze capitals. The intervals between these columns are decorated with landscapes after the manner of a panorama, so as not to clash with the Egyptian costume. Adjoining to this are two rooms for the underwriter.

Two large rooms for coffee and billiards.

The Reading-room. Here are to be found all the newspapers and periodical works not only of all the countries of Europe, but even America and the Indies, which can directly or indirectly interest the merchant. Here too are kept

memorandum-books for posting occurrences, mercantile, political, &c.

The Library. To furnish this department with all the books necessary for commerce must be a work of time. Meanwhile a considerable number of address-books, topographies, dictionaries, maps, and other articles of a like kind, will be found here. The superintendence of the two last rooms has been undertaken by our patriotick countryman, Dr. Nimnich.

On the second floor, to the left of the great staircase, is an anti-room, with appropriate embellishments.

The Hall of Arts, whose name denotes its destination, and which is particularly adapted to the meetings of artists. In an establishment of this kind such a hall ought not by no means to be wanting. Five capital pictures here engage the attention, namely, Poetry, represented by Sappho, celebrated for her poetick genius, and her passion for Phaon ;—Painting, by Alexander procuring a picture of his beloved, by the hand of the famous Apelles ;—Sculpture by Pygmalion in love with the statue of a female executed by himself : Venus at his earnest intreaty animates the statue, and you see the head just beginning to assume the colours of life ;—Architecture, by Laomedon, the son of Ilus, King of Phrygia, refusing, dishonestly enough, to pay Neptune and Apollo the sum he had promised them for rebuilding the walls of Troy ;—and Musick, by Euterpe. Portraits of celebrated men who have distinguished themselves in these arts are exhibited in medallions over the respective pictures.

The great Concert and Ball Room is sixty-four feet long,

forty-two broad, and thirty high. Eighteen light, ornamental marble columns, of the composite order, support a gallery, the access to which is by the great staircase. This hall is enriched with productions of painting and sculpture. Among the rest, at the farthest extremity of the hall, there is a master-piece of the celebrated Le Sueur,—Apollo alighting from his car upon clouds, with his lyre in his left hand, and a wreath in his right. The ceiling of this hall represents the firmament studded with stars : in the centre, Aurora, standing erect upon clouds, is dispersing the shades of night, with the Hours by her side. The name of this hall denotes the purposes for which it is designed ; but on particular occasions it may be used either for business or different kinds of amusements.

The Arabic Saloon is richly decorated after the manner of that ancient and celebrated people. It contains ten columns of mahogany with gilded capitals, and the intervals are occupied by six divans.

The Turkish Tent appears in the inside in the form of a tent.

The Grecian Saloon, in the pure Grecian style, with Caryatides ; the interstices between which are to be considered as open, and represent the Ruins of Athens, with the adjacent country.

The subscribers have the liberty of using these three rooms as they may find occasion, for conferences, meetings of small parties, &c.

Two spacious Dining-Rooms, so constructed, that, if necessary, the whole may be thrown into one. They are decorated with *basso relievos* in plaster of Paris.

On the third floor are the Saloon of the Muses and the Musi-

cal Saloon. The former is appropriated to the meetings of literary men ; and the latter is provided with musick and musical instruments, which are always kept in the most complete order.

There are various other apartments, which as yet are not destined for any particular purpose.

For the advantage and convenience of this institution, a complete apparatus for expeditious printing has been attached to it. This establishment, as may be supposed can be employed by the subscribers in various ways, and is under the direction of Mr. Conrad Muller, a celebrated printer of this

city. This active citizen will pay particular attention to procure mercantile treatises of every kind, and likewise translations, from whatever language they may be, with all possible dispatch and punctuality.

On the ground-floor of the Exchange-Hall are apartments for taking breakfast, or any other kind of refreshment.

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the whole is furnished with taste and elegance, and that the superintendence of the establishment is confided to a man every way qualified for the situation.

For the Anthology.

DIDOT'S HORACE.

THE cheapness of the stereotype editions, with the correctness of the text, and the neatness of the execution, will soon make them generally known in our country. Copies of the classicks of antiquity are not often found in the hands of even gentlemen of education and fortune among us, and good editions have always been shamefully scarce. Our young men generally exult in their release from college ; and, in order to acquire the air of gentlemen of polished manners, shake off the dust of the closet, which might betray them, and magnanimously resolve to forget, what they never half learned. Since the revolution, owing either to a relaxation of the discipline at our university, or to a general mistake of our countrymen, under pretence of devotion to more useful pursuits, the study of ancient literature is so much slighted, that few can read Latin and fewer write it with ease,...while

to be versed in Greek is almost as rare, and may soon become as dangerous, as the practice of the black art. The coin, which passes in all other parts of the civilized world, which increases in value, as it increases in age, is neither current by authority of our government, nor stamped with the approbation of our people.

But, in spite of the little encouragement, afforded to literature, it seems within a few years to have become more respected. The high price of books has prevented their general circulation ; but we shall in future be without excuse, when we can purchase Sallust for twenty cents, and Horace or Virgil for twenty-five, if the stereotype presses in England and France do not render those writers as common in the United States, as the works of Shakespeare and Pope.

The Parisian stereotype of Virgil seems, as far as I have ex-

amined it, almost a perfect edition ; but I cannot say so much in favour of Horace from the press of Didot in 1800. The first thing observable is the liberty assumed of omitting passages in this favourite poet. Had this been done only in a few instances, no friend to decency and good morals could have complained ; but even then the title page should inform us what sort of an edition we were to purchase. It ought to have been called *editio expurgata*, or rather *excerpta ex Horatii carminibus*. Nearly seven hundred lines are struck out from the pages of Horace ; of seven eighths of which I may confidently say, no parent or instructor can reasonably think them dangerous ; of which the indignant author, could he have raised his head in the office of Didot, would have exclaimed

..... 'Musarum sacerdos,
Virginibus puerisque canto.

Inspired by truth divine,
I, priest of the melodious Nine,
To youths and virgins sing the mystick strain.'

Nor could the printer even have appeased him by quoting from his own page,

Non omnis moriar,
Whole Horace shall not die,

while he designed to condemn so many beauties to forgetfulness.

The reason for the exclusion of the two last lines of the fourth Ode in the first book is more apparent, than we can discover for the like treatment to many others, yet I regret the omission. The vices of the heathen can no more be concealed from us, than their unreasonable idolatry ; and that among these was the unnatural love, so fully described and so justly stigmatised by St. Paul in Romans 1, must be known to every man, conversant with the writings

and manners of antiquity. But I fear no pollution from such a passage. It has been gravely commented on by learned divines and Christian criticks, and even Mr. Didot was not terrified from retaining the usual reading in the second Eclogue of Virgil,

Formosum pastor Corydon ardebat
Alexin,
Delicias domini.

The next omission is the whole fifth Ode, an ode, which Scaliger has called pure nectar, which Milton thought worthy of translation by his hallowed pen, and which has been lately versified in the Cambridge Literary Miscellany by a gentleman, whose correct taste is the worthy concomitant of his purity of manners. But I have not patience to inquire into and expose this prudery. That some lines of Horace ought to be omitted, as they are usually passed over in our Colleges and schools, may seem reasonable. Such are usually marked by stars in common Delphini Editions, where a boy moves in leading strings along a footpath of interpretation, and when he meets such obstacles, is compelled to encounter all the dangers of the highway of his author's text.

I shall now mention, for the use of those, who would expect all Horace in this stereotype edition, what parts are omitted, quantum mutatus ab illo ! Besides those above mentioned, there are wanting the four last lines in the sixth Ode, the four last in the ninth Ode, the whole thirteenth Ode, the four last lines in the seventeenth Ode, the whole nineteenth, twenty-third and twenty-fifth Odes, the sixteen last lines in the twenty-seventh Ode, the whole thirty-third Ode, and the four last lines of the thirty-sixth Ode, all in the first book. In the second book,

Odes, fourth, fifth, and eighth are omitted, the four last lines in Odes eleventh and twelfth. In Book third, Ode sixth, the lines from 24 to 33 are wanting; Odes seventh, ninth, and tenth; in Ode eleventh the lines from 8 to 13; Odes twelfth and fifteenth; the four last lines of Ode nineteenth; and Ode twentieth. In the fourth book the first Ode is wanting, the last sixteen lines of the eleventh Ode, and from line 4 to 9 in the thirteenth. In the third Epode the four last lines are wanting; Epodes eighth, eleventh, twelfth, fourteenth and fifteenth; and the three last lines in the seventeenth. In Satire 2d, of the first book, lines twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth are omitted, and from the twenty-seventh line to the end. The twenty-seventh line in Satire 4th, and the lines from 81 to 86 in Satire 5 are omitted, as is the fifth in Satire 8th. In the second book and second Satire the thirty-eighth line is omitted, and Bentley thought it spurious, but it is always printed. In Satire 3d, lines 238 and 325 are wanting, as are in Satire 5th from 72 to 84, and in Satire 7th from 45 to 72. In the seventh Epistle line twenty-eighth; in the fourteenth, line thirty-third; in the fifteenth, line twenty-first; and in the eighteenth from 71 to 76 are omitted. Of this long catalogue I forbear to specify those passages, which seemed to me most deserving of this exclusion.

In lib. 1, Ode 1. 29, Didot adheres to the common reading, 'Me doctarum,' &c. though there are many criticks, who, contrary to the suffrages of all the manuscripts, think Horace must have written, 'Te doctarum,' &c. which highly improves the spirit of the composition. The reasons are plainly stated in a note of Dr Francis,

and confirmed by much argument in Wakefield. Conjectural criticism would sometimes add graces, that never entered the mind of the original author, but if Horace did not write, as Wakefield supposes, we may be excused for wishing that he had.

I cannot find that this edition has exclusively followed any former one in its text. It seems rather to have extracted the best readings from all preceding criticks, and sometimes to have ventured on new ones, as in Ode 3d, line 26, of the same book. Most of the editions read, 'Gens humana ruit per vetitum nefas;' and Gesner, who professes to give all the various readings, has not recorded any other. But this is a fault of that famous work. The edition of Baskerville, dedicated to the Earl of Bute, reads 'vetitum et nefas,' but Baskerville is more celebrated for the elegance of his works, than their correctness. In this place however he is followed by Francis, who justifies himself by Hamelius and Sanadon, and says that 'vetitum' is a feeble epithet. The new reading of Didot 'per vetitum; nefas!' is plausible and easily formed; but Horace has not often used such exclamations, and to me it seems less proper here, than it would be in the first line of Ode 11, where no critick has yet thought of putting it. Yet if we concede 'vetitum' to be an unmeaning adjunct, it seems most likely, that such was the original. *Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, and why not Horace?

In the 7 Ode, line 5, our critick reads 'Palladis arces' with Bentley, after a manuscript of great authority at Oxford, though there appears little reason for the variation from the common text. But in line 7th of the same Ode he ad-

heres to the old readings, 'decerp-tam fronti præponere olivam,' probably the true one, authorised by all the manuscripts and all editions before the time of Erasmus, who proposed the feeble line, adopted by the edition in Usum Delphini, which has unhappily been most common in our country. So carelessly has that work of Desprez been reprinted, that its errors have become innumerable, and in the London copy of 1727, in line 31st of this same Ode, the sense and the metre are ruined by the omission of the word 'vino.'

In Ode 9, line 15, 'Camænas' is substituted for 'amores,' without any pretence that it is the true reading. The modesty of the French press shrunk, forsooth! from the original sentiment, and, lest our morals should be corrupted, adopted this new phraseology. What can be more ridiculous, than such delicacy? What, but the omission of the four last lines of this playful poem, the frightful immorality, of which Dr. Francis (a venerable D. D. *proh pudor!*) has dared closely to translate.

The laugh, that from the corner flies,
The sportive fair one shall betray;
Then boldly snatch the joyful prize;
A ring or bracelet tear away;
While she, not too severely coy,
Struggling shall yield the willing toy.

Again in Ode 17, line 24, the true text is unreasonably altered; but it was rendered necessary, as the four succeeding lines are excluded.

In Ode 28, line 14, Didot has admitted the reading, 'Judice me,' proposed by a single critick in opposition to all others, which greatly diminishes the force of the passage; but in line 18 he follows the better authorities 'avidum' in opposition to the vulgar 'avidis,' and again in line 31st.

In lib. 2, Ode 10, l. 9, the stereotype has 'sævius' instead of the common reading 'sæpius;' and it seems preferable, as Burman and Wakefield think. In line 12 the reading of most of the manuscripts, 'fulgura,' is followed, though many early editions have 'fulmina.'

Of the text in Lib. 3, Ode 8, line 19, I know not what to say. Most of the good editions read, 'Medus infestus sibi luctuosis;' but Didot has obeyed Bentley and Wakefield. The difference is hardly worth a contest. But in Ode 24, line 24, he adopts the readings of the most learned criticks, which is more lively at least, than the common one. In Ode 26, line 1, the printer's purity is once more alarmed, and he substitutes 'choreis' for 'puellis.' In Ode 27, line 48, he has the better reading, 'cornua monstri.'

In Lib. 4, Ode 6, line 25, a manuscript, cited by Bentley, is followed, with some reason, against most of the editions. In Ode 13, line 9, having needlessly omitted four lines, the editor is compelled to substitute 'amor' for 'enim.'

In the *Carmen Sæculare*, line 21, Didot reads 'ut denos decies per annos,' and he has some of the earlier editions to countenance him; yet the great majority of the learned prefer 'undenos decies,' and no critick has, I believe, lately asserted that these secular games were usually celebrated every hundred years, but every hundred and ten years. It seems strange, that a chronological fact, of so great importance during the most enlightened period of the Roman empire, should now be disputable. The authority of two Sybilline verses is brought in by the editor in Usum Delphini, but they are probably spurious. After much search I have obtained no satisfaction upon this question; but I find that the

general suffrage is in favour of the longer term, and two considerations incline me to it. It is less probable the dispute would have occurred, as it certainly did among the Romans themselves, for Suetonius mentions the celebration at a time nothing near the recurrence of the solemn era, if these most solemn ceremonies were to be holden precisely at the end of every hundred years. The Greek verses also, though perhaps never proceeding from the prophetick books, must at least have been forged many hundred years before the invention of printing, and may have been cited at the court of Augustus.

The variations in the Satires and Epistles are less numerous, than the omissions, and are of little consequence. The change in line 107, Sat. 3, of the first book, cannot be objected to.

In the Art of Poetry the lines which are numbered 45 and 46 in the Delphini edition are transposed in this stereotype edition, according to the admirable emendation of Bentley, which has generally been acquiesced in, though it is rejected by the text of Foulis. Didot has also followed the great English critick in line 101, 'Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus afflent,' which is approved by most of the English editions, and stoutly opposed by the German Gesner. Though the reading of Bentley in this place seem preferable, too much deference has been sometimes paid to his boldness of substitution, as in line 114, where he is followed by Foulis and Baskerville, while the old reading is maintained by Wakefield, and received by the French editor. I observe the omission of the point at the end of the 153d line, the only defect in the printing of this volume,

which has occurred to me. When shall we become as correct in our country? In line 197 Didot has followed the elegant emendation of Bentley, 'Et regat iratos, et amet pacare tumentes'; which, though opposed by Gesner, is received by the learned; and the reason may be quoted from Francis, "the expression in the common editions would say the same, as 'bonis faveat,' as in the former line, and even say it more feebly." In verse 294 he reads 'præsectum' with the best criticks. In line 360, the more expressive reading of Bentley is adopted. The next line is as much improved by a change in punctuation as any passage ever can be, 'Ut pictura, poesis; erit quæ,' &c. In verse 443 Didot has adopted 'sumebat' for 'insumebat,' which seems good enough, but it has little support from great names; and none from manuscripts. In lines 460, 461, he follows the best editors, who read 'curet' not 'curret.'

In writing the notes the French editor has not, like most others, intruded a load of mythological, physical, or historical knowledge. He has not quoted parallel passages from Anacreon and Aristophanes; but has only attempted to explain his author without increasing the cost of the volume. Virgil he had published without a single annotation; but Horace requires explanation in many passages. The notes are never longer than three or four lines, and more frequently not more than that number of words. In these notes perhaps even Didot has only elucidated what was clear before, but this must always be expected from note-makers. Omnibus hoc vitium. The notes of Wakefield, tho' I mean not to depreciate his labours, seem written for his par-

ticular edition, and not to explain Horace. The edition of Gesner appears most laudable in this respect. In the Ode to Varus, lib. 1. 18. 'Siccis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit,' hardly meets illustration, though most of the commentators have told us, that 'Siccis' is here metaphorically used for sober. Nor do we learn much from the word 'innocens' in the margin to explain 'integer vitæ;' nor from 'indecorè' to illustrate 'parmula non bene relictæ.' In Lib 2, Ode 3, near the end, the punctuation must be wrong, for after 'urna' he uses a semicolon, while his note interprets it, like former criticks.

In the explanation of the beginning of the third Ode, Lib. 1, is a phrase that might have confirmed Wakefield in his strange manner of reading. 'Reddere incolumem' means to deliver or land Virgil safe at Athens, not, as Wakefield by altering the punctuation of the passage would make it, to return him safe to Italy. 'Reddo' does not frequently mean to return. We say 'reddere epistolam' to deliver, not to return, a letter. Pliny has 'reddere flores' to blossom, and its use in other parts of Horace will be learned in Lib. 2, Ode 17, line 30, and line 75, Sat. 3, Lib. 1. But in his note Didot uses 'restituas,' which, I believe always means, to return or restore to a former condition. Vide Lib. 3, Ode 7, at the beginning. So that with diffidence I believe both of the learned editors have misunderstood the meaning of that word; Didot, who uses 'restituas,' as tantamount to 'reddas,' while he maintains the common reading; and Wakefield, who totally changes the usual interpretation by only shifting a comma. The self-confident English editor says, "Mirari satis nequeo,

neminem editorum, quorum sanè proventum uberrimum sibi nacta est Horatii felicitas, rectam hujusce loci rationem arripuisse. Erat Virgilius scilicet in "fines Atticos" nave deferendus, undè in patriam reditum tutum dilectissimo poetæ precatur Flaccus; cui scriptoris scopo manifestè per nostram interpunctionem consultum vivimus." "I cannot sufficiently admire, that none of the editors, of whom the happy style of Horace has raised him a plentiful harvest, has rightly apprehended the meaning of this passage. Virgil was about to sail for Athens, whence Horace prays for this beloved poet a safe return to his own country; and to this meaning of the author we have paid attention in our punctuation."

It is strange indeed, that so good a writer, as Wakefield, should thus use the first person of the singular number in one sentence, and of the plural in the next; but it is still more strange, that, in opposition to all preceding editors, he should construe this prayer of Horace to apply to the return of the vessel, and not to her voyage to Athens. It is not very probable, that the same ship, in which Virgil was going to Athens, would wait to bring him back; and from his biographer we learn, that, when he left Rome, he intended to have passed three years in Greece and Asia in retirement, perhaps to have given the last polish to his *Æneid*. But being taken sick at Megara, he hurried back to Italy, and died before reaching home. This supposition affixes a later date to the composition of this famous Ode, than is allowed by Bentley; but I believe with Dacier, that it was composed at the time of the fatal voyage of Virgil. But if the safe return of his friend

be here meant, Horace would not have supplicated the God of the winds to restrain every breeze, except the Western ; that, being favourable to carry the ship to Athens, would be directly ahead

on her return. Mr. Wakefield had forgotten the story of the Irishman, who, crossing St. George's channel with a contrary wind, prayed it might change before his return. SCALIGER.

For the Anthology.

ORIGINAL LETTERS

FROM AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN EUROPE TO HIS FRIENDS IN THIS COUNTRY.

LETTER SECOND.

Rome, Nov. 16, 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU well know, that I came to Europe with as few prejudices for or against any particular sect of christians as most men, and that I was (and indeed I still am) disposed to believe, that there are honest and virtuous men of all persuasions. It must be admitted, that all such, however opposed in articles of faith or modes of worship, are equally entitled to our charity.

Still this charity does not forbid us to examine and expose the follies or absurdities, which may have crept into their creed or practice. On the contrary our duty, as men and christians, requires, that we should, as far as may be in our power, counteract and oppose with becoming candour those errors and abuses, that impede the reception and usefulness of the religion we profess. Both of us had formed some opinion of the absurdity of Catholic superstition, but I assure you, that I found it a very imperfect one. No writer, however severe, has hitherto, nor, in my estimation, ever can do, any thing like justice to the subject. Dr. Moore and others have exerted all the powers of

wit to render the notions and practices of the Catholics ridiculous ; but one half of the time, spent in simple narration, without the aid of satire, would have produced more effect, and would have saved them the opprobrium of being suspected to be opposers of christianity itself.

To point out the errors, or to ridicule the absurd superstitions, which have debased the worship of the present system of religion, is certainly not only consistent with a thorough belief of that system, but is perhaps a duty, which that belief requires ; but one should be extremely careful, lest in the zeal of reformation, a weapon should be afforded to the opponents of religion itself.

To the Catholics, I think we owe no apology for the exposure of their failings. The bigotted intolerance and persecution, which have marked the footsteps of the followers of papacy, from the burning of John Huss, to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, give them but feeble claims on the liberality of Protestants ; and the evident contempt for all other Christians, who are denominated Infidels, which is still to be perceived at Rome, notwithstanding all their humiliations,

give us a fair right to examine the grounds of their imaginary claim to superiority.

I shall devote the present letter to the narration of such facts as have fallen within *my own observation* only, relative to the superstitious opinions and observances, and pious frauds, existing in Italy at the present moment.

The doctrine of indulgences is familiar to you. The pretended origin is the power given to St. Peter, and which the papists contend has descended like a heirloom, or like the mantle of Elijah upon his regular, anointed successors in the apostolick chair. Where this power resided, when there were two rival popes, anathematizing each other, and waging war with the arm of flesh for the good of the apostolick church, we are not told. I suppose, at such a moment, it must be considered, as the freehold sometimes is in our law in *Abeyance*, ready to grace the temples of the victor.

At Milan, and in all the great cities of Italy, you still find inscriptions in the churches in which the sale of indulgences is publicly advertized. The following I insert as a specimen. It is an exact copy of one of these advertisements in Italian.

Indulgenza plenaria tutti i giorni
della settimana.

And for the benefit of the more learned it is usually also translated into Latin.

Indulgentiæ plenariæ et aliæ non plenariæ quotidianæ.

As I understand it in plain English, they daily grant permissions, either general or more limited, to commit offences.

There are other churches, which have the *exclusive right* of praying souls out of purgatory. They also

advertize this privilege, one of which I also transmit to you.

D. O. M.
Defunctorum animæ
in novem dies
in requiem æternam
deprecantur.

"The souls of the dead during nine days are prayed into eternal rest."

This privilege however is very rare, and is confined only to such churches as are pre-eminently blessed by possessing some relick, or by having been founded by some distinguished saint. In such cases you always find a bull of the pope sculptured on marble, granting this favour by virtue of his apostolick authority.

I forget, whether I mentioned to you the church of St. Suaire, at the church of the holy handkerchief at Turin. This building is one of the most magnificent in Italy. It is wholly lined with polished *black* marble, which, combined with the artificial darkness, which it is contrived to produce, impresses the firmest minds with awe, and disposes the lightest to devotion. This edifice was erected to inclose the holy handkerchief, with which our Saviour is fabled to have wiped his face, as he was bearing the cross to the place of execution. A writer upon this subject remarks, that he has found *seven* different churches, all of which claim the honour of possessing this valuable relick; but he gives the preference to the claims of the church at Turin, because it has *fourteen* bulls in its favour. The veneration, in which this relick is held is astonishing. A citizen of Turin thinks it one of the most solid foundations of its superiority over its sister cities, and the sovereigns of Sardinia and Piedmont annually assisted at the

ceremony of exhibiting this wonderful handkerchief to the people.

The cathedral at Milan, whose noble architecture really merits the admiration of the world, also shuts up one of these precious deposits, a *real* nail of the cross. It is enclosed with vast splendour in a vase in this church, and they make an annual procession, at which it is exhibited to the people, and upon which occasion the archbishop and clergy attend, and high mass is performed. St. Charles Borromeo, a distinguished saint, who deposited this *sacred* nail, and who instituted this solemn festival and procession, has contrived to multiply this relick by numerous copies in wood, and painting, and the devout Catholics bring their chaplets and other sacred things, that they may acquire a new value by being shaken in the same box with the holy nail.

Our Lady of Loretto, and the Casa Santa, are not wholly unknown to you. These sacred relicks and the church which inclosed them, once the objects of the devotion of princes, and to which they frequently made pilgrimages, were endowed with a magnificence worthy of these wealthy bigots. They were plundered by the French during the revolution, but Bonaparte, since his conversion from Mahometanism to Catholicism, having restored the image of the Virgin, these relicks are again the objects of superstitious veneration. The history of this Casa Santa, as related by these credulous votaries, is indeed ridiculous, and if I had not been an eye-witness of the splendour with which it is surrounded, and of the awe and holy veneration in which it is still held, I should have withheld my belief of the existence of such blind credulity. The Casa

Santa, or holy house, is the building in which it is pretended, that the Virgin Mary was born, and in which she received the Annunciation. After the death of our Saviour and of the Virgin, it was taken up by angels, and transported to Dalmatia, but not satisfied with the reception they met with there, they removed it to Italy, where after two or three other changes of situation, it was finally fixed on the top of a hill almost inaccessible, in the village of Loretto. When or at what period of the Christian era, it first became the object of religious respect, seems to be unsettled, but it is certain that in process of time, popes and literary men all affected to credit the legend, and vast sums have accordingly been expended by the holy see in rendering Loretto a superb place, calculated to excite the awe of the superstitious vulgar.

The holy house has been surrounded modernly by a rich case, or coat of the marble of Carrara, the finest in Italy. The style of architecture of this case is Corinthian, and of course elegant; the statues and bas reliefs which surround it are superb. The monks who shew it to you pretend, that originally the marble case was built close to the sacred house, but that, as if conscious of its own baseness, it has started off, and it certainly stands now at a very respectful distance.

The house itself is not more than 30 feet long, 20 feet wide, and as many in height; the whole is placed in a most magnificent church, in which all the pomp of papacy has been displayed. The inside of the holy house is perfectly naked and exposed to the eye, so that you can discover its original construction; it is built of

small stones laid in the form, and about the size of large bricks. My guide gravely assured me, that the building had no foundation, and to convince me of it, he took out of the wall one of the loose stones, which proved, as he thought, that the edifice was supported wholly by supernatural power. The image of the Virgin, which the French have lately restored, without the treasure which was plundered with it, is said to have been the workmanship of St. Luke, whom these honest zealots declare was both a painter and sculptor. I confess I do not think this statue any proof of his high attainments in sculpture. It is made, they tell you, of the cedar of Lebanon; but whether from its extreme age, or from the natural colour of the wood, I cannot say, but it has now acquired the hue of ebony. We were carried into the Sancta Sanctorum of this building, and were shewn the *very fire-place* at which the virgin used to sit. I assure you, these things are told with a zeal and unaffected simplicity which leave no doubts of the sincerity of the relators. It was with difficulty we could pass along the streets of Loretto, so teased and interrupted were we by the sellers of chaplets and rosaries, which, having been carried into the holy house are thought to have acquired peculiar value. In Loretto, as in all the zealous Roman catholick towns, you are waylaid by hosts of beggars, who subsist wholly by mendicity; and I have uniformly remarked, that superstition and misery are twin-sisters who are never separated.

I had a very good opportunity in this place to prove, what I had always before suspected, the propensity of Dr. Moore to sacrifice truth to a good saying or a witty

thought; and you may rely upon it, that his travels, though extremely witty and entertaining, are little better than a pleasant romance. I would not be thought to undervalue the merit of this excellent work, which will always be admired, and ought to be considered as a model of fine epistolary writing, but its excellence does not consist in the truth of its narration, nor in the correctness of its descriptions. Dr. Moore, upon observing in the church which encloses the Casa Santa, a beautiful bas relief of the *Death of Abel*, remarks, that, "Poor Abel has been always unfortunate—had he been placed by the artist a foot higher or lower, he would have been safe, but coming opposite to the mouths of the Pilgrims while kneeling, the poor fellow has been *kissed almost out of existence*, while Cain stands frowning and fierce as ever." If this was intended as a mere sally of the imagination, I confess I cannot see much wit in it; but if it was designed to convey to the mind of the reader the impression of a fact, I must say that it is wholly without foundation. I viewed this bas relief, in all its beauty, thirty years after Dr. Moore made the remark, and there was no apparent difference in the two brothers—Abel was full as perfect as Cain, and they were both wholly unimpaired. You know enough of bronze bas reliefs, to be convinced, that this could not have been repaired, and of course you will join me in the opinion, that, in this instance, *at least*, Moore preferred a reputation for wit, to one for veracity.

Since our arrival at Rome, we have made the tour of the city, and have visited several of the modern churches; and we will, if you please, pursue the history of cre-

dulity at this time, that we may not be obliged to debase our future and more noble pursuits, by blending with them these pictures of human weakness.

At Santa Maria Maggiore, one of the most magnificent churches in Rome, they shew you a chapel under ground, over the entrance to which a lamp is perpetually burning, and in which they preserve what they affirm is the *real cradle* in which our Saviour was laid while an infant; and in the same church are preserved likewise some of the *hay* upon which he was first placed, and the *swaddling clothes* with which he was wrapped at his birth. When we recollect the persecution and poverty of Joseph and Mary, their flight into Egypt, to avoid the vengeance of Herod, and the itinerant life which our Saviour was obliged to lead, the improbability of their being able to preserve these relics, even during his life, and the total unimportance of them if preserved, one would suppose, would be sufficient to convince even the most ignorant and illiterate of the absurdity of such tales; but when we add further, the state of the early church, fugitive and persecuted, free from every sort of superstition, and that it is not pretended that these relics were procured till after the capture of Jerusalem by the christians, it is almost impossible to believe even the evidence of one's senses, that a church, administered by enlightened men, professing the most undissembled piety, could, in an age like the present, continue to countenance, and even encourage, such opinions.

At the church of Santa Croce di Gerusalemme, or the Holy Cross of Jerusalem, they exhibit a piece of the real cross of our Saviour,

which is shewn with great pomp to the mob, in an annual procession, at which all the dignitaries of the church assist. At the entrance of the church of the Scala Santa, or Holy Stair-Case, they have erected a magnificent flight of marble steps, which they pretend were taken from the house of Pontius Pilate, and were the same which our Saviour ascended when he went to have his hearing before that officer. They allege, that he fell three times in ascending these steps, and the spots where he faltered are marked with brass nails.

These steps, about twenty in number, the devotees are obliged to ascend on their knees; and so great has been the concourse of the faithful, that they had seriously impaired the marble, and indeed threatened the destruction of this precious remnant, if the Popes had not prudently ordered them to be covered with oak planks, which, in their turn, are nearly demolished by this holy fervour. We saw two of these devout believers ascending *Pilate's Stair-Case* in this painful, but no doubt from the good effects they expected to derive from it, to them pleasurable way.

I cannot say, that white marble is not as plenty in Palestine as in Italy, but if not, it must have been a very expensive article to Pilate, for these steps were fifteen feet long, of a single block, and the transportation must therefore have been very troublesome. I could not help remarking, that *this* marble very much resembled that of Italy, and I believe is peculiar to that country. You are shewn also in this church a picture of our Saviour by St. Luke, which I think must be the oldest in christendom; and a bronze door, which was taken down from the palace of Pon-

tius Pilate in Jerusalem. By the way, can you inform me, what were the particular merits of Pilate, which should render even the threshold of his door the object of religious veneration?

At St. John in the Lateran, which, an inscription informs you, is the oldest church in Christendom, having been built by Constantine, the first Christian emperor, you will expect to find an extraordinary collection of sacred things, and your expectations will not be disappointed. It has the honour to possess the real head of St. Peter. It boasts of having the pillars of the portico of the palace of Pilate. It undoubtedly has the happiness to inclose within its walls the real *Samaritan* well, mentioned in John iv. 6, 7, or rather the *curb* of that well, as they could not very conveniently transport the well itself; but in order to preserve the resemblance, they have dug a well in the church yard, and placed the curb over it, and they now oblige you to remark the channel worn by the rope when employed in raising the water in Samaria. This curb is also of beautiful white marble, and is covered with elegant bas reliefs. I say nothing of the probability of their having so expensive an ornament to a well in a village in Samaria, but I must remark, that marble must have been very abundant in Palestine; and that the popes have been singularly *fortunate*, as well as industrious, in finding all these relicks five hundred years after the period of the events which had rendered them interesting.

They have also in this church a little monument consisting of a flat stone on the ground, upon which four pillars are placed, which support another stone at the height of about six feet, and which you

are gravely told represents the exact height of our Saviour. How this was ascertained, they do not inform you, but one marvellous circumstance they never forget, which is, that no person has yet been found, whose size corresponded exactly with this measurement of our Saviour. This tale is always accompanied with a look of uncommon awe, and an astonished countenance. In this church there is also an altar, the history of which is equally surprising, and will go far to make you credit the doctrine of the *real presence* in the elements. This altar has a large hole through it, the cause of which is affirmed to be, that a priest was administering the sacrament over this altar, and held in his hand the consecrated bread, but, not believing that it was the *real body* of our Lord, he attempted to cut it, and the blood immediately followed from the wound. The piece of bread fell from his hand, and instantly made its way through the marble altar, which is preserved in perpetual remembrance of the miracle. The astonished priest, no doubt, was converted at this unquestionable proof of the truth of the Catholick doctrine, and you must be hardened indeed, if you still refuse your assent to an opinion so miraculously supported.

I could go on, and tell you, that I have seen the original oaken table, at which our Saviour and his disciples partook of the last supper—and the actual print of our Saviour's foot, made upon a piece of marble, when the devil carried him into the mountain to tempt him—and a thousand other *equally important* relicks; but I think, that enough has been already stated to shew, that revolutions have not effaced the impressions of bigotry, nor annihilated the reign of credulity in this celebrated country.

It is indeed to be regretted, that the pure and simple religion of christianity should be thus debased in its practice by the grossest idolatry, for it deserves no other name :—and it is still more to be lamented, that we can scarcely hope for a change, beneficial to religion, in this country ; for ex-

perience teaches us, that men usually go from one extreme to the other, and it is therefore to be feared, that these unfortunate people would proceed, like the French, from blind credulity to open infidelity and atheism.

Yours, &c.

For the Anthology.

REMARKER, No. 18.

‘The best society and conversation is that, in which the heart has a greater share than the head.’—BRUYERE.

AS most ages have received some appellation descriptive of their character (for instance the Silver, the Golden, and the Iron,) and the one which we adorn has never been named, I have thought in my wisdom of calling it the *Calculating*. Why I consider such an epithet appropriate is, that I have noticed a disposition in society to confer invariably with the head, without consulting the heart ; to derive every thing, as it were from the *cell*, and to take nothing from the *fibre*. Of late, no sentiment is adopted, no impression acknowledged, without separately advising with this wise piece of workmanship ; and to pretend to be delighted or disgusted at aught without assigning its wherefores, is like settling a law point without justice or authority. Were this propensity for steering by the judgment confined to grave studies in science or art, it would be an affront to Wisdom for any to murmur : but when subjects of taste, polite literature, and affairs of the heart are coldly submitted to the tests of the brain, one may lose his good nature without offending that Goddess. It is not my inten-

tion to disparage the judicial department of our system, but to preserve that equipoise between its parts, essential to harmony. If the head is invited to judge, let the heart, too, be permitted to feel.—The pulse often throbs with intelligence, and truth may be bewildered in the intricacies of argument. I am perfectly sensible that I may be considered by some as deficient in what I am aiming to rectify ; but, though I wish with my neighbours to stand well with the world, I shall deliver my mind at the risk of reputation. The fraternity of Longheads may suppose if they please, that my wits are disordered by the full of the moon, but, be those as they may, I will defend to the utmost the cause of the heart, and never advance the cold dictates of reason on the warm ruins of good feeling and dignified passion. There is somewhat so cold about the philosophy of the head, that it should be laid to warm in the bosom, to be made pleasant for use.

I mean not, however, to encourage a partiality for the heart, which some susceptible spirits are known to entertain ; but consider the feelings of the moment,

as a sufficient authority for the conduct of their lives, and depend alone for advice on the caprice of their blood. I am fully convinced of the infirmity of our nature, and have not to learn, that to consult apart with its humours, is to take the enemy to council before we are aware. It is true we are told in the tales of romance of the disinterested disposition of ladies and cavaliers, of the magnanimity of Bradamant and the generosity of Roland. But the period of chivalry has long since elapsed, and we must now despair of perfection in these days of degeneracy.

I have thought fit in the outset to be thus explicit, lest some of my readers should misconstrue my meaning, and pronounce me a disciple of that school of enthusiasts, who are overflowing with sentiment, but at low mark in principle. For they, too, expatiate upon the sublimity of their feelings, and affect to indulge them for the promotion of virtue. But with them and their refinements I have nothing to do; for I wish not by favouring the heart to enfeeble the morals. That effeminacy of mind, which disqualifies one for engaging in the business of life, but which is dignified by the idle with the name of sensibility, I am equally unwilling, also, to countenance or excuse. For it is ungenerous, under the pretence of being nicer than others, to refuse to divide those exertions, the advantages of which we participate in common. But more particularly, I would be understood in defending the heart, not to apologize for its irregularities in love. There are a few of my friends who esteem this organ as exclusively the property of Cupid, and his right to direct it indisputable and supreme. Now, though I regard his little Godship

full favourably enough, I am decidedly of opinion that he ought, as well as some other dictators, to be carefully watched in the administration of his office; for most youths, from the sprightliness of their temperament, are naturally disposed for the commission of mischief; and, if chronicles are to be credited, the Divinity in question is as thorough a *Pickle* as any youngster of his standing. That he is not belyed there is little difficulty in believing, because his education has rested entirely with his mother, who, on account of the looseness of her character, to say nothing of her sex (no offence to the fair) is an improper preceptress for any lad in the world, and enough to contaminate half the minors in christendom. Far from recommending an unlimited obedience to this little Potentate of hearts, or a decided reliance on the advice of his mamma, I would counsel my readers to keep a rod in the corner for the correcting of both. It may appear, perhaps, indecorous in the Remarker to prescribe birch for the females, but, from some curious anecdotes which have lately transpired, he is disposed to pronounce it a general specifick. In this instance at least, there can be no violent impropriety in recommending its application; for it is particularly fitting that parents should share in the mortifications which their misconduct had caused to be inflicted on their children. Yes, my readers may rest satisfied, that the defence of licentiousness in love makes no part of my plan. The torch of the young incendiary must be brought to the foot of the altar, and his flame be intertwined with the steadier taper of Hymen, and, thus united, be as religiously kept as the fires that are yet burning in

the shrines of eastern superstition.

There are many false lights in this world which we inhabit besides Jack-with-a-lantern or Will-with-a-wisp; but in the whole circle of *ignis fatuuses* there is none more mischievous than the little linkboy we speak of. Not contented like his brethren with misleading the unwary in the dark, he has set nations together by the ears, fired cities and navies, and occasioned more disturbance in his day and generation than all the Gods of the Greeks.

'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The hec't'ring, kill-cow Hercules;
Transform'd his leager-lion's skin
To a petticoat, and made him spin;
Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble distaff, and a spindle.

BUTLER.

Having thus far endeavoured by a careful explanation to establish an understanding between his friends and himself, the Remarker proceeds in his calling to describe the disadvantages that arise from this servility to the *capital*. To prove that he entertains no prejudice against this department of our microcosm, he has exclusively followed his judgment in being thus fully explanatory at the commencement of his subject. In asserting the claims of a favourite it is difficult to allow the pretensions of his opponent, to extend the province of the one without infringing the possessions of the other; to exhibit the excellences of each, and acknowledge the deficiencies of both. Keeping this in remembrance, the counsel for the heart, contrary to the practice of advocates in general, will endeavour to distribute justice to either party alike. But if he fail in the attempt, it must be attributed to the inability of his

judgment, not the incorrectness of his feelings.

In enumerating the evils, arising from this attachment to the head, it is natural for a writer to begin with the Hypercriticks; not as being, precisely, the most calamitous and striking, but because we are disposed to give precedence to whatever relates to ourselves, and to speak first of the difficulties, which lie next to our doors. That these phlegmatick animals have acquired their disposition, by continually puzzling their brains, and never consulting their bosoms, is sufficiently evident from this circumstance alone. It is well understood among anatomists, and I presume my readers are not to be instructed in the fact, that by incessantly tasking the understanding, the blood of our system is inordinately attracted towards the regions of the head, and that what was intended to communicate, by equal diffusion, healthfulness and warmth, is unnaturally consumed in a particular department. By these means it happens, that the finer mechanism of the brain is exposed to separation and decay, in a feverish fluid, in which it is immersed. Hence proceeds that insensibility so common in many scholars to the elegances and niceties in nature and art; to all that is picturesque and original, impassioned and pathetick. Those delicate implements, which are put in operation for the perception of sentiment and taste, are discomposed and disordered in their noddles, like the contents of an egg in the state of an addle. Hence, too, from this heated repletion of the intellectual organs by study, arise those dull exhalations which incumber the foreheads of so many over-fed bookworms; who pore

and doze, and doze and pore, till their temples throb with application, and their senses like the Pythia's disappear in a smother; though without enlightening the world by the delivery of an oracle, and without the intervention of inspiration or prophesy. Lastly, in this way we may account for the existence of the Hypercriticks; their brains have become addled by perpetually jading them in the pursuit of imperfections, and never suffering a genial effusion to enliven their lucubrations. With empty hearts, and overcharged heads, they set about scrutinizing an author whom they want sentiment to relish, and measure his contents by the dogmas of the schools, with the same degree of deliberateness with which a mechanick employs his mensuration upon the dimensions of timber. They are ever seen sitting absorbed in the contemplation of some mighty nothing, like an assiduous old tabby at the entrance of a mouse-hole, though their joy is in no shape declared, or their sessions interrupted by the *purr of applause*. All without them is disconsolate as a December's afternoon, and all within them equally barren and bleak. The small portion of wisdom which falls to their share, is continually beating about its tenement for a perch, or fastening on some little irregularity to mope and to hoot. Though Milton flash on them in all the glories of verse, they pause with your Bentleys to pick a flaw in his grammar. Like the critical cobbler, they would inadvertently pass over the exquisite proportions of the statuary, to detect the omission of a stitch in the seam of his shoe. Incapable of taking in the magnificent, they stoop by the seaside, with old Ocean at his highest, to trace the veins of a pebble-stone,

or decypher the amours of a muscle. They follow Art with the servility of lacqueys, and instead of making use of her only to become acquainted with Nature, forget the nautical oath, and take up with the handmaid, when they should carry the mistress. If you tell them of the natural sublimity, and vigorous simplicity of Shakespeare, they drop an icicle in your bosom, as it were, by some frigid remark, that the excellences of your favourite are counterbalanced by his faults, and that though his departure from the schools in many particulars may have brought him much nearer to truth, yet wherever he is unclassick according to them, he is of course an offender, and must suffer by the statute. Nothing will please them, nothing will do, but what bears to be tested by the level and rule; and a writer must be as prim and precise in his manner, as a young master in his maiden essay, or an attorney in his draught of a special plea. Obedience to the canons, obedience to the canons, is the thing, though the critical code is as unnecessary to true genius, perhaps, as the criminal is acknowledged to be to the exemplary and ingenuous.

Of all vain fools with coxcomb talents
curst,
Bad writers and bad criticks are the
worst. MASON.

Now it is evident I conceive, that these grievances originate in the way just described—by overtasking the judgment and neglecting the affections. But lest some should be disposed to discredit the correctness of my opinion, I will relate a matter of fact, which I chanced on in reading. It is recorded in the annals of the College of Physicians (the volume and chapter are not now remembered) that a disciple of the fraternity,

about which we are treating, was once dissected in the course of anatomy by the fellows of the institution ; in whom the appearances were so different from those of subjects in general, that it was resolved in full meeting to make report of the same, to be registered as monstrous in the history of dissection. By this account it appears, that upon opening the body the *pericardium*, or purse in which the heart is contained, it was found so contracted and shrivelled, that some doubts were entertained as to the identity of the part. Numbers were of opinion, that they had mistaken the situation of the fountain of life, and were inclined to believe with the *Mock Doctor*, that it quartered its streams in the right cavity of the chest. How long this persuasion suspended the lecture, or what learning was discovered in support of the same, unfortunately for the world, we are left to conjecture. All that the statement gives us to know respecting the operators is, that after removing the *pericardium*, with the doubts it occasioned, they expressed as much surprise at its contents, as had been shown for the membrane, in which they were contained. That interesting muscle, the heart, it seems, was so contracted and indurated, as to make it next to impossible to perforate it with the instruments for the occasion ; and several went far enough to affirm, that during the dissection they conceited that it rattled. Whether this was the case, they were not assured, though, from the nature of the substance, they conceive it presumable. But what may better be depended on is, both the ventricles of this organ were so exceedingly small, it appeared a mystery with the faculty how the subject had existed. It is affirmed, incredible as it may seem, that

they resisted the insertion of the most delicate probes, and looked hardly large enough to sustain the vital functions of a sparrow. In raising the heart between the fingers, it was found to be heavier than any solid of its size, and to possess such a benumbing property, as to communicate a torpor to the person that touched it. The *pillars*, *walls*, and in fact all the parts of this organ were petrified and colourless, and when held up in sections for examination, reminded the spectators of some specimens of marble. But, as the whole account of this muscle might weary our readers, and enough, perhaps, has been brought to support our position, we will just take a peep into the head, and then conclude with the college.

The state of this department was precisely the reverse of that of the heart. The vessels appeared here to be crowded with extravasated fluid, and the brain, instead of being either contracted or hard, seemed extremely distended and soft. The *pineal* gland, which is considered by *Des Cartes* as the seat of the soul (though we are of opinion with the ancients, that it resides in the *diaphragm*) was so astonishingly enlarged beyond its natural dimensions, that, had the wits of the man gone along with its growth, he might have been said to have sprung from the temples of Jupiter himself. In addition to these peculiarities, owing no doubt to the enlargements we speak of, the *sutures* of the *cranium* were found evidently divided, and there appeared no question in the minds of the physicians, but that the gentleman had been removed by a fit of the apoplexy. So interesting altogether were the appearances of the subject, that a committee was deputed to investi-

gate his history, and report a summary of the same for the edification of the collegiates. From this epitome, which immediately follows the statement here given, we gather, how, several days antecedent to the one of his death, the deceased had been so immersed in the depths of meditation, as not only to neglect the calls of his friends, but to be unable to take either sustenance or sleep. The subject which interested his attention thus forcibly during this period, appears to have been, A Dissertation on the Elements of our Tongue ; in which it is ingeniously insisted, that the Alphabet has been reversed, in the order it now stands, and ought for the honour of *letters* to be restored to its native position ; that *A* unquestionably was situated, originally, on its head, not on its legs, and that the deformity of *Z* proceeded from a hurt which it received at the time of the topsy-turvy, having fallen through a greater arch, than any one of the characters, with the single exception of its friend at the antipodes. For what term this captivating treatise might have occupied our student, or the glosses, additions, and amendments it would have received, unhappily for science, can now never be known ; for on the morning following the final day of his incomplete labours, he was found stiff, by his attendant, in an old-fashioned arm-chair, the dormitory of his family time out of mind. Such, alas, is the effect of inordinate application, and the consequence of wishing to be wise at the expense of the heart !

But there is another and a more serious mischief attending this neglect of the heart, which induces me to alter my tone, and to deliver myself after a less trivial and fanciful strain. I allude to the grow-

ing want of refinement in society with regard to the subject of marriage, or the fashion of suffering interest to determine the propriety of a connexion, which nature intended should be left to the affection. We are informed this covenant of old was regarded as holy, and that the heart was conceived to be conferred with the hand. But the ceremony now-a-days of *tying the knot* is considered by some parties as nothing more than affixing their seals to the articles of settlement. It is sufficiently mortifying to observe the influence of this spirit of speculation (if spirit it may be called) upon the operations of taste ; but it is a more sorry sight to perceive it in prospect gradually chilling the source of domestick confidence and love, and checking in its spread the better feelings of the age.

Perhaps it may be thought by some that the Remarker is ascribing a disposition to the times, which has no existence but in his own ugly imagination, with a view of showing his readers with what dexterity he can quarrel with shadows. But the evil in question, though limited at present, is too evident, he fears, to pass among the imaginaries. Others, who have more philosophy than feeling, may charge him with affecting to be violently sentimental, and place him in the division of high-flying novelists : and, perhaps, with some shew of justice ; for he is so tired of much of the common-place of life, that he has thought seriously of stepping forth in support of romance. Indeed, it has been laughed at long enough, and it is now time, he suspects, to be amused at the expense of its opposite. A little care must be used in exposing a foible, lest another of contrary cast take occasion to triumph.

Our propensities must be governed, like princes, by a balance, or common sense will be continually in danger from some aspiring folly. However, as we are not like to be overpowered with sentiment at present, it may be as well for us to retain what we have, for the sake of good fellowship. Some tempers of mind are more easily got rid of than resumed, and the time probably may arrive, when, disheartened by the coldness of the world, we shall sigh for those emotions, which we assisted to suppress. Among the vexations which I pray to be delivered from, is the vexation of indifference ; for next to a bad character, in my estimation, is no character at all.

By thus consulting our interest before our affections, and sacrificing to lucre in preference to love, we are unwisely neglecting that which makes poverty rich, and without which riches, at best, may be regarded as poor. Like Midas, whose touch it is fabled afforded nothing but gold, we are exposing ourselves to repine in the midst of unprofitable plenty. Were the punishments, attending this mercenary spirit, only felt by the sordid, one might sit down contented and see them inflicted. But, in forming the connexion which we are considering, there are many who are guided by motives of affection, and it frequently happens, that such fall a sacrifice to the insensible and mercenary. And when this is the case, it is but natural in us to feel both resentment and pity ; resentment for the counterfeit, who assumes the appearance of love to conceal the intent of a traitor, and pity for the unfortunate, who, deceived by professions of tenderness, submits her fortune and destiny to the control of a niggard. A crime com-

mitted in the moment of passion may sometimes be palliated. And the libertine, though unpardonable, may plead the warmth of his feelings to extenuate his excesses ; but to what sophistry, even, can they resort to soften their conduct, who, with their spirits collected, profane the ordinance of marriage by hollow promises, and forfeit their integrity to serve their convenience. Hence originate half the calamities in society : hence cold-heartedness, inconstancy, and lying servility. Hence the domestick fire-side becomes the insipid region of infectious yawnings and mutual oscitancy. Hence entertainment, excluded from her native residence, and pursued through the crowded circles of fashion and folly, is seldom perceived returning, excepting on the giddy wheels of visitation, or in the discordant summons of the knocker. Hence—but *something too much of this, Horatio.*

In attributing the evils which I have mentioned to our neglect of the heart, I expect to be thought more fanciful than wise : but, let my readers regard me in what light they choose, I am convinced that my hypothesis is correct in the main. I am not prepared to think contemptibly of the head, or to disturb its speculations when rightly indulged, though I will not consent, that Sir Gravity shall preside as chief arbiter alone. I would, were it admissible, correct the head by the heart, the heart by the head, so that one should be held in check by the other, and both be improved by a mutual dependence. In this way, each organ would answer the design of its formation, and produce that healthfulness of mind, which gives nobility to the individual and sentiment to society.

For the Anthology.

SILVA, No. 24.

..... nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.

SOME of our readers have inquired, what is the definite meaning and object of this department of our Journal? We reply, that "*Silva*" literally means a *Wood*, and our effort and ambition is, that it should be a wilderness of sweets, and a repository for curious remarks on men and manners, and literary fragments and novelties. The origin and design of literary *Mélanges* is fully explained in the *Evening Lucubrations* of KNOX, a liberal and learned scholar, and an orthodox divine, who disdained to make merchandize of divinity, to turn a sacred profession into a mercenary craft, to pander for the devil, and seduce souls to Satan.

"*Sylvæ* is one of the most elegant, as well as commonest titles to the miscellanies of the ancients. The origin of it is the Greek, *Hyle*; and the authors, who first assumed it, modestly intimated by it, that they had collected a store of *timber*, which themselves, or others, might hereafter use in erecting a regular structure. The *Sylvæ* of Statius are supposed to be more valuable than his finished compositions. In imitation of him, many modern writers of Latin poetry have entitled the miscellaneous parts of their books; and our own Ben Jonson, alluding to the ancient title of *Sylvæ*, denominates some of his smaller works *Underwoods*." "Quintilian describes the works distinguished by the name of *Sylvæ*, as struck out with the impulse of a sudden calenture, *subitò excussa calore*, and assigns causes for the appellation, similar

to those which have been already mentioned."

Knox thus correctly estimates the utility of these miscellanies for filling the interstices and intervals of time, which happen in the lives of those most active and busy:—

"There are fragments of time in the life of every man, in which, from inconvenience of circumstances, he is unable either to read with continued attention, or to enjoy the advantages of select company. In those intervals, such books are pleasant, as amuse and inform in very short sections or chapters, in an easy and perspicuous style, resembling, as much as possible, the variety and familiarity of conversation.

"Many of the French books, under the title of *Ana*, are, I think, particularly useful for the purpose of filling up a vacant interval. They are lively and various. They treat of history, literature, and arts, and subjects which amuse, without in such a degree as to fatigue or excite the mind beyond the pitch of a pleasant tranquillity."

—
REVIEWERS.

THE numerous revolutions and extensive improvements in the various sciences, the facility of multiplying copies of books by the art of printing, the brevity of life, and its necessary duties and avocations, preclude even the most diligent and laborious student from the perusal but of a small portion of the innumerable books, daily issuing from the press. Knox observes, "There were probably as many books, and perhaps as many bad

books, written by the ancients, as the moderns ; but the art of printing being unknown, and consequently the multiplication and preservation of books being attended with great trouble and expense, such as were of little intrinsic value, were not transcribed, copies of them were not increased, and they consequently soon perished by the depredations of time."

Since books are so excessively multiplied, it is our duty to destroy useless, unnecessary, and pernicious productions, as the ancient Grecians exposed their most puny and imbecile offspring to perish. Therefore the office of a reviewer is, in the republic of letters, as beneficial and necessary, though as odious and unpleasant, as that of an executioner in the civil state. They are the porters at the gates of the temple of Fame, and should be as blind and inexorable as Justice, which, "in its punishments, rather seems to submit to a necessity, than to make a choice."

Authors who, by plausible professions and false pretensions, defraud the publick of money, dissipate valuable time, and insidiously rifle them of their good principles, are enemies of their kind, and merit the thong of chastisement and the knout of criticism ; and he that undertakes the task of analyzing their works, displaying their beauties, and exposing their wicked arts, confers a favour on the publick. Harmless and obscure writers, in their prefaces frequently supplicate the candour of readers, by observing that their hasty productions will not injure, if they do not benefit mankind. But voluntary trifling with the publick is criminal ; and lenity to the former is cruelty to the latter. In estimating the merit or demerit of literary productions, the motives and circumstances of the author con-

stitute no justification ; they must be considered abstractedly, for the republic of letters is not a state of moral probation. Bloomfield, Phillis Wheatly, and many others in humble life, have attracted some attention by their writings, not because they are excellent, but because they are extraordinary ; as Dr. Johnson observed that dogs, by art and labour taught to dance, are noticed, not because they dance with ease and grace, but because they *dance at all*. Sound intellect and real erudition ought to exempt from the lash of severe criticism those who intrude their works on the publick ; for in the literary commonwealth there is no hospital for the reception of mendicant vagabonds, no Bedlam for insanity and frenzy, no Magdalen for impunity and defilement, and no Lazaretto for lame and hobbling authors. Therefore a large portion of the multitude of publications are at their birth ripe for extinction ; and may be sentenced, as Clarence in his troubled dream fancied he was addressed by an angry spirit, "*Seize him, Furies, take him to your torments.*"

CELIBACY.

MATRIMONY is rarely contracted but by chance. Hence partners, widely differing in qualities of mind, fortune, and situation in life, frequently form a jarring and discordant union. Many who attempt to obey the precept "*olmis adjungere vites,*" at length discover that it is not the *vine* which they have wedded to the elm, but the deadly *ivy*, which destroys whatever it embraces. "*Ut hederæ serpiens vires arboreas necat.*"

Some Benedicks, who by chance have crept along to thirty without forming a domestick alliance, determine to take vengeance on tardy Fortune, and bravely forswear

all thoughts of matrimony. But nature will recur; and bright eyes and alluring smiles will operate on them, as the genial rays of the rising sun on the cold and marble statue of Memnon, causing it to send forth sounds of sweet musick.* We need not despair of a man as an unchangeable bachelor, till we observe him in his solitary rambles muttering and talking to himself; then he manifests a troubled mind and disordered fancy, like the maniac hermit,

At times, alas! not in his perfect mind!
Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost.

It is a remarkable fact, that many of the brightest luminaries of literature have spent their lives in cold and cheerless celibacy. Pope, Goldsmith, Locke, Pitt, Voltaire, Erasmus, and many others, were bachelors. Swift was merely a Platonist in love. Dr. Johnson was indeed married; but during the life of his "dear Tetty" he seems not to have been very warmly attached to her; his affection was rather posthumous. The most exquisite literary productions have been the effects of exertions to relieve their authors from distressing poverty, want, and necessity. The mind rarely makes great efforts, but to satisfy the cravings of the body. Wives are not among the necessities of life; therefore they chose not to become bound to encounter the cares of the domestick state, and to exchange the tranquillity of midnight meditation for the bitterness of curtain lectures. They esteemed it less expensive and more delightful, to be wedded to the nine Muses, than to one mortal wife of flesh and blood. For, if they could write verses with the

* Memnonis saxea effigies, ubi radiis solis icta est, vocalem sonum reddens.—Tacit. Annal. 2. 51.

facility of Horace's poetaster, and receive as many sesterces for each verse, as Virgil's patron presented him, still a worldly wife would soon dissipate their wealth in the circles of gaiety and fashion.

ALLITERATION.

Those who are fond of "apt alliteration's artful aid," may be amused by the following lines on Cardinal Wolsey.

Begot by butchers, but by bishops bred,
How high his honour holds his haughty head.

Ancient authors frequently use several successive words, commencing with the same letter; whether by chance or design is uncertain. They never manifest such an affectation and ambition for alliteration as many of the moderns have displayed. Tacitus, in describing the manners of the German women, observes, "*Prima pars pectoris patet.*"

MOTHERS.

THE education and discipline of the minds of children are more in the power of the mother, than of the father. The former has, or ought to have, her young children constantly under her eye, and can rouse their curiosity, cherish their mild and benevolent affections, and instruct their minds. Cowley, Cumberland, and Sir William Jones, when they had become eminent and distinguished, confessed that their best powers were strengthened, and their finest feelings cherished by maternal care, vigilance, and anxiety. The biographer of Agricola, in relating the discipline of his early years, respecting Julia Porcilla, his mother, "in hujus sinu indulgentiaque educatus, per omnem honestarum artium cultum pueritiam adolescentiamque transegit."

To the Author of the Silva, Number 11.

IN looking over the Anthology for the last year I observed in the Silva for January, that some gentleman has discovered so great a resemblance in the story of Parnell's Hermit to that of the Hermit in the 18th chapter of Voltaire's Zadig, as to induce him to suppose (and not unreasonably) that one of these two writers must in this instance have borrowed from the other. In fact, he has given to one of them a title, which both might have deserved; for one, I believe, has not been more guilty of plagiarism, than the other. The story is much more ancient, than either of these writers; perhaps indeed its first author may have existed earlier than the author to whom I have seen it attributed. In a letter of the once popular, and indeed celebrated Howel to the marquis of Hartford, he speaks of what he styles "an excellent passage, which a noble, speculative knight (Sir P. Herbert) hath in his late conceptions to his son; how a holy anchorite being in a wilderness, among other contemplations he fell to admire the method of Providence, how out of causes, which seem bad to us, he produceth oftentimes good effects; how he suffers virtuous, loyal, and religious men to be oppressed, and others to prosper." The old hermit, transported with these ideas, meets with "a goodly young man," and travels with him for a few days. The young man, in Sir P. Herbert's story, throws a person into the river, whom they meet with on a narrow bridge, strangles the only child of the gentleman who receives them with the most cour-

teous hospitality; steals a silver goblet from their generous host, gives it to the avaricious wretch that treats them with sullen incivility. The fifth day they meet a merchant at the close of the evening, as they approach a town; and on his asking them the way to a town, "the young man puts him in a clear contrary way." The merchant was loaded with money, and by the "misguiding" of the young man escaped both robbery and assassination.—Howel's letters were first published in 1645, and some of them were written as early as 1618.

—
A RIDDLE, BY COWPER.

I am just two and two, I am warm, I
am cold,
And the parent of numbers that cannot
be told.
I am lawful, unlawful—a duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear, good for nothing
when bought,
An extraordinary boon, and a matter of
course,
And yielded with pleasure when taken
by force.

SOLUTION.

I gave my love the other day
A riddle to explain;
And having read it o'er and o'er,
She could not tell the name.
Then on the fair I cast a glance,
And gather'd resolution;
I slyly prest her rosy lips,
And stole the true solution.

ANOTHER.

'Tis not alone for love to solve
Thy riddle's magick charm;
Ask the fond mother bending o'er
That infant on her circling arm:
Glowing with extacy divine,
She clasps it to her throbbing breast;
And solves the riddle o'er and o'er,
As kisses on its lips she prest.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Anthology.

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF ARTHUR M. WALTER, ESQ.

Ostendunt terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra
Esse sinunt. Nimium vobis Romana propago
Visa potens, superi, propria hæc si dona fuissent. —Virg.
Vercor ne negligentius vivam. —Cic.

IF from the aching bosom of a friend,
Which recent wounds still bleeding sorrows rend,
Might strains of artful melody resound,
And faithfully define his woe profound;
O Walter, I would dwell upon thy name,
My soul should oft thy hymned memorial frame.
Yet, though the fulness of my burdened heart
Strains most unequal to thy worth impart,
Thou knowest my claim to lead the sorrowing throng,
Though skill nor genius aid my humble song:—
The friendly love, thou living didst not spurn,
May pour the lay, though artless, o'er thy urn.

O memory, then, one healing pause dispense,
A needful respite from my pains intense;
And my peculiar sorrows so beguile,
As e'en my friendship were forgot the while:
But draw around me all the shadowy train
Of arts and virtues, that his death complain;
Calmly their several griefs let me relate,
With tearless eye each sad bereavement state.

Science, 'tis thine to mourn thy favourite dead:—
With sable hangings be thy temple spread;
And in the cypress grove's most dim retreat,
That bounds thy Academe, thy votaries meet.
Who now among thy wandering sons shall stand,
Thy sacred laurel in his gifted hand,
And bid them hope, the faithless world again
Shall love thy rites, and crowd thy honoured fane!—
And bid them rear thy altar, and believe,
Thy worship shall degenerate man retrieve?
Whilst they, as erst from out the mystick shrine
'Mid Delphick shades, shall hear thy voice divine.

Oh, he was nurst to love thee and revere!
And thou didst smile his youthful vows to hear:
As if, like him, the wisest of our race,
Heaven moved to ask each highest gift of grace,
Thy love had bade him, by thy altar's side,
Claim each best boon, nor fear to be denied.

He knew, that science did from heaven descend,
And therefore judged, that she was virtue's friend;
Nor doubted, so his moral creed had charged,
The soul grows better, as the mind's enlarged.

Struck with her charms, that bade his heart disclaim
Each mean attachment, each ignoble aim,

From the loud throng, that sordid passions sway,
In early life he took his separate way,
To trace her out beside her fountain springs,
And there commune concerning highest things.
Thus, while her power and glories he surveyed,
Each varied excellence his mind essayed :
Hence in her cause his zeal continual burned,
And hence each low inglorious toil he spurned,
To spread her soft dominion o'er mankind,
The worthy bias of his godlike mind.

How fitted was he for the high employ,
Witness in early youth his ardent joy,
When called to trace the steep and lengthened maze,
That leads where truth her purest light displays.
How promptly to the intercourse refined
Of each famed sage, that has adorned mankind,
Ancient or modern, were his steps impelled,
As with congenial inspiration filled.
Well pleased the patriarch's heaven-taught ways t' explore,
Nor less informed in evangelick lore ;
Each sacred maxim while his life pursued,
That source sublime his eloquence imbued.
Tully, at once the orator and sage,
Could he forego thy all instructive page ?
Or while the human heart's unfathomed ways,
Its wiles untold can int'rest or amaze,
Could, Tacitus, thy angry genius fail
To guide him through each gloomy-faithful tale ?
Nor less the flowings of the Grecian lyre
Tempered with Attick sweets his Roman fire.
Ah, but for minds like his, how wrapt in dust
Each virtue of the ancient wise and just !
How lost those annals, that were meant to raise
From errors' depths e'en these abandon'd days !

Was it, that, frequent in communion high
With souls of men long past into the sky,
His more ethereal parts, that still aspired
Panting to follow, where those friends retired,
At length gained power to burst their bands of clay,
And prematurely sought the realms of day ?
Sure on that hour my earthly eyes were dimmed,
Struck with the rays from opening heaven that streamed ;
Or I had seen, as near thy couch I stood,
The track of light thy fellow spirits trod.
Say, oh my heart, if near the scene allowed,
Where calm beneath him sunk the roseate cloud,
Had angels stopt their harps, that he might hear
Ere quite translated, what had been thy prayer ?
Oh, thou wouldst ne'er, in sight of bliss divine,
Him thou so lovedst to mortal scenes confine :—
E'en though he fail to tell his earthly friends,
He left them not, till sure of vast amends ;
Until permitted by the Almighty will
To hover o'er and be their guardian still.

Next, oh my country, in the weeping train
Thy genius mourns along the darkened plain.

But wherefore? say, does not thy heaven-blest soil
 Bid golden plenty in each valley smile?
 Has not each billow, in thy numerous bays,
 Brought foreign riches from a thousand seas?
 Was't not alone to bless thy new-found shore,
 That freedom left the realms of light once more?
 And are thy sons to prize the boon unskilled,
 Or weak their arms the envied wealth to shield?
 While all these blessings in her presence shine,
 Can private grief claim sympathy divine?
 Alas! not causeless is the boding fear;
 In times like these that starts the patriot tear;
 While wisdom points,—how near the dread array!
 At empires crushed and nations in dismay,—
 Half dares despair for this our favoured land,
 Where heaven-sent freedom took her last firm stand.
 For even here, though freedom must prevail,
 Till faithful virtue in her succours fail,
 Yet virtue, that is human, will repine
 E'en here, if learning and the arts decline.
 Hence she already marks with watchful eyes,
 What hopeful names among her sons arise;
 What names, in whose protection to repose,
 Though, marshalled near, she sees her Vandal foes,
 What names to rescue truth's dishonoured cause,
 And re-assert the majesty of laws;
 To charm from faction's cause the simple throng,
 Her falsehood listed, while they thought no wrong;
 And without party craft persuade the crowd,
 To know the policy, that seeks their good:
 Among the great to check encroaching power,
 And senates guide in each eventful hour,
 From luxury's snares to guide her prosperous race,
 And ancient manners by their lives replace.
 But not the man, whose voice is oftenest heard,
 In publick scenes, alone has she preferred;
 Her eagle eyes the dim recess pervade,
 Where noblest minds their patriot labours shade,
 Great souls, reserved for times of highest need,
 For whom she smiling weaves her brightest meed.
 And shall her eyes be tearless, when deprived
 Of one, in whom her dearest hopes survived?
 Ah, she may soon, my heart forebodes, repine,
 O, WALTER, soon, for virtues such as thine.
 For though by taste and studious habits made
 To enjoy each pleasure of the classick shade,
 Yet sure a breast, with generous passion filled,
 From publick use its talents ne'er withheld;
 True love of human kind, like his, could ne'er
 From active life its needed powers forbear.
 Then say, so long why barred the genial day
 The treasures of his meditations lay?
 Unbidden gleams of light enough were seen
 To prove the quickening mine was ripe within:
 Sole foible of each generous mind, behold,
 'Twas modest fear forbade his powers unfold.
 But long the enlightened soul cannot confine
 Its gifted radiance; forth its powers will shine,
 But heaven forbid then an inferiour theme!
 Then speak the ample field, the end supreme.

Lo, his lov'd country, her defence and fame !
 'Tis theirs his full-grown energies to claim.
 Alas, her hopes, how blasted in their prime !
 Anticipation, in the work sublime
 Marking a splendid course, look'd up to hear
 A hovering glory shake its wings in air ;
 But ah, the rushing sound, through æther driven,
 That spirit gave, which vanished into heaven !

From converse with the immortal wise and good,
 Whose real presence claim'd his solitude,
 When to his friends he turned with looks serene,—
 His looks announced perpetual calm within,—
 How more instructive grew each social theme !
 With what new thoughts did every subject teem !
 His fluent reason seized the wandering thought,
 And back to truth and taste from error brought ;
 Within their minds, like dew upon the field,
 His more than mortal meanings were instilled ;
 Hence, thoughtless whence the quickening force derived,
 Their noblest powers but by his culture thrived.
 Fondly their best propensities he'd tend,
 But most the growths of liberal lore commend.
 Oh with what care he'd guard the blooming round,
 Where his fair influence cheered the favoured ground,
 From every poisonous damp and every weed,
 That blights the plant, or checks the genial seed ?
 But most from avarice ; though its rind of gold
 Belies the fruitlessness its leaves infold ;
 And though like gems its settling mildew glows,—
 For lucre still will canker where it grows ;—
 And still the seeds of sense and learning thrive,
 But where the liberal passions all may live.
 Nor was his genius of that cast severe,
 Which keeps the gaieties of life in fear.
 He'd join each circle grouped for festive joy,
 As long as wit and innocence stood by ;
 As long as health could o'er the bowl rejoice,
 And vocal mirth drown slander's jargon voice ;
 Long as the praise of merit could be heard,
 Or one wronged character remained uncleared :
 Yet still by pleasure's softening arts uncaught,
 Constant the awe of virtue in him wrought.
 Thus the fair elm-tree, stable, solid, vast,
 Shakes not its trunk, though whirlwinds drive the blast ;
 Yet, to each breeze, the gentlest zephyr sends,
 Graceful each branch, and low its summit bends.

How frequent I his well-known door have sought,
 Though health yet claimed no pause from studious thought ;
 Urged him, from classick themes, or legal toil,
 To roam as taste or fancy might beguile ?
 Strayed we where wealth convenes the sons of care ?
 He'd teach to prize a well-stored mind e'en there !
 If rural fields, the sun-bright day, we trod,
 Oh, there I learnt to adore the works of God !
 How blest along the lawn or shady streams
 T' indulge in pastoral or in classick dreams ;
 Or, listening, sit beside him to prolong
 The copious flow of his instructive tongue ;

And thence with furtive ear that knowledge glean,
 In boasted volumes sought, but sought in vain !
 And oft, alas, when filled with torturing care,
 Unsuitd life's disheartening ills to bear,
 Too weak the world's injustice to sustain,...
 The world, that heeds alone the loud and vain ;
 While other friends or thought me fancy-lorn,
 Or lent that pity, which e'en woe can scorn,
 He gave the balm, that healed my wounded soul,
 Councils, that e'en the angry fates control ;
 Called forth the powers, that in the mind expire,
 Unless bold effort test their latent fire ;
 Taught me that fortitude, which....ah, my breast !
 Will it avail to soothe thy recent wounds to rest ?

But stay my thoughts, nor range so near those scenes,
 That wake anew thy own peculiar pains.
 In vain...I see each loved memorial start,
 Rush at the hint, and occupy my heart.
 Still, still my hollow bosom swells with sighs,
 How quick the tear-drops gather in mine eyes !
 They ask that friend, whose ever-opening heart
 Was filled with all that nature could impart ;
 Whose glowing soul a brighter landscape drew
 Than even nature to the poets' view.
 How oft, alas, at summer's earliest hour,
 Ere light had tipt the city's highest tower,
 To where the morning broke, with golden light,
 Upon the distant mountain's utmost height,
 Together have we hied ; with hasty tread
 Wound through the pathless grove or misty mead,
 Loitered adown the winding green lane, hedged
 With wild-rose briars, or with myrtles edged ;
 Till from the pasture, scorched with noon-tide heat,
 The birds chirp faint, the panting cattle bleat ;
 Then to the woodlands wild we'd bend our way,
 In converse sweet there talk away the day :
 There would I list that voice, whose silver tongue
 Leaf-touching breeze or warbling brook out-sung.
 That voice, as pure as is the faintest swell
 Of sweet love's lute, returned from echo's cell.
 Ah, now, like harp of dying bard, unstrung it lies ;
 But list ! it breathes a strain still sweeter in the skies,

Now must I haste, for solace of my woe,
 To tasks that check, though not subdue its flow :
 For to those labours, which through every age
 Mourners have sought, their anguish to assuage,—
 If I betake me in the vale of tears,
 Where sleeping worth the willowy shade endears ;
 Perhaps in scenes where nature seems to mourn,
 Each object droops, and wears a look forlorn,
 My woes, poured out amid surrounding grief,
 In many an echoed sigh may find relief.

Oh, there I'll haste to bend o'er WALTER'S urn,
 Though friends at distance watch with deep concern ;
 Or with the world, the heartless world, conceive,
 Madness alone can thus sincerely grieve.
 And though,—for such as friendship ne'er carest,
 How can they feel for the bereaved breast ?—

Though foes, with thoughtless ridicule, profane
 The unguarded burstings of a heart humane :
 Or, with foul hopes, when midnight lowers apace,
 And fancy with strange horrors fills the place,
 Safety beside that airy form to find,
 Which e'er was known to be of gentlest kind,
 I'll wait the white-robed image without dread,
 By friendship missioned from the pitying dead.
 Ah ! every thought, that entered there my breast,
 Should hallowing memory from its flight arrest,
 Each passion note, each meditation prize,
 Each impulse deem a message from the skies.
 Yes, he'll be nigh, who best could teach the art
 From whence affliction learns to mend the heart.
 Thus, until morn the blest communion break ;
 Then to the cultured field I'd swift betake ;
 Collect the rose, that just begins to blow,
 Upon his ever verdant grave to strew ;
 And thence the bay and rooted laurel bear,
 And near that honoured head transplant with care ;
 That head, in life which destined seemed to own
 Learning's bright wreath, and virtue's living crown.

February, 1807.

For the Anthology.

HESPER.

MILD Star of Eve, whose tranquil beams
 Are grateful to the Queen of Love.
 Sweet Planet, whose effulgence gleams
 More bright than all the Pow'rs above,
 And only to the Moon's clear light
 Yields the first honours of the night.

All hail, thou soft, thou holy Star,
 Fair glory of the midnight sky !
 And when my steps are wandering far,
 Leading the shepherd minstrelsy,
 Then if the Moon deny her ray,
 Oh light me, HESPER, on my way !

No savage robber of the dark,
 No foul assassin claims thy aid
 To point his dagger to his mark,
 Or guide him to his plundering trade.
 My gentler errand is to prove
 The transports of requited love.

THE BOSTON REVIEW

FOR

FEBRUARY, 1807.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere vero assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur. PLIN.

ARTICLE 5.

A Summary of the Law of Set-off: with an appendix of cases, argued and determined in the courts of law and equity upon that subject. By Basil Montagu, Esq. of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. New-York: I. Riley & Co. Lexitypographick Press. 1806. pp. 123. 8vo.

THIS summary treats of that branch of jurisprudence, which relates to the law of set-off. The author has collected the principles and cases into a small compass, and has treated the subject with good judgment. The paper on which this work is printed, the binding, and the typographical execution are much inferior to many editions of law books, which have been published in the United States, and are in these respects, vastly beneath the London editions.* If our printers and book-binders wish to raise the character of their respective crafts, they must submit to a little more labour in their vocations, and perhaps to sacrifice a small portion of their immediate

* Messrs. I. Riley & Co's editions have been usually very favourable specimens of American work, and very deserving of encouragement.

gains. They ought to be particularly attentive to editions of works in the science of the law, as the reputation of these, even as authorities, is injured by the appearance of negligence in the typographical part of their execution. The gentlemen of the bar are accustomed to pay a high price for professional works, as they are intended for study and reference; and it is because of the superior fidelity, neatness and strength of English editions, that those of our own country are not more encouraged.

In reviewing this Summary, we shall condense the contents into a small compass, that we may present to the profession a concise view of a system, which in Great-Britain approaches very near perfection, and which is but partially known and in use in this commonwealth. This must likewise supply the place of critical remark on the author and the work, to which however they are not liable.

The work is divided into two books: the first is appropriated to *set-off at law*, the second contains a few decisions on *set-off in equity*; the first book contains two sections, the first of which relates to *set-off at common law*, the second, to *set-off by statute*.

It is a rule of decision in every transaction, which consists of receipts and payments, debts and credits, that the balance constitutes the debt. This rule is not enacted by any statute, but flows from natural equity, the observance of which is incumbent on every tribunal. In modern times, the judges of the courts of law in Great Britain have shewn a strong inclination to extend the equitable part of their jurisdiction. Hence we find, that in virtue of the general jurisdiction, which they claim to have over the suitors in their respective courts, and not under the authority of any statute, they allow opposite demands arising on judgments to be set off on motion against each other, whenever such set-off is equitable. Thus, one of several defendants, against whom a judgment had been recovered, was permitted, on suspicion of the plaintiff's insolvency, to set-off a demand, which arose on a separate judgment, which he had obtained against the plaintiff.† In another case, a person who was equitably entitled to a judgment which had been rendered for costs in an action, in which his name did not appear on the record, was permitted to set them off in an action, in which he had been nonsuited.‡ As a further proof of the equitable nature of this practice, it is settled in the King's Bench, that the attorney's lien upon the judgment of his client shall, on his application, be first satisfied, before the opposite party can set-off any judgment, which he has obtained, whether there are the same or different attorneys in the different causes.|| In the Common Pleas,

however, the count has in several decisions held, that the attorney can only have such a lien on the costs, as is subject to the equitable claims of the parties in the cause. But a practice so unjust, by which an attorney is deprived of taking his costs from a fund, which he by his diligence has recovered for his client, has been shaken by a recent case.*

Where mutual demands, originating in distinct causes, exist, the one cannot, at common law, be set off against the other, but each party must seek for his remedy in a separate action. Like the other parts of that ancient system, this rule is founded in good reason: for the plaintiff can be expected to come to trial ready to support only the demand, which he has instituted, and it would be unreasonable, if he might be surprised with any counter claim of the defendant, which is not connected with the transaction. But still, if the plaintiff is indebted to the defendant more or less than the defendant is indebted to him, it is most equitable, that some mode should be devised of striking a balance, without compelling the parties to resort to separate suits. For this purpose, the British parliament has enacted various statutes, some of which have been adopted in this commonwealth, and all of which might perhaps with advantage be incorporated into our judicial code. By these statutes, where mutual debts exist at the commencement of a suit, between the plaintiff and defendant, or where either party sues or is sued in a representative capacity, as executor, administrator, or as the assignee of a bankrupt, if there are mutual debts be-

† *Dennie v. Elliot, Hill and others.* 2. H. Black. 587.

‡ *O'Connor v. Murphy* 1. H. Black. 659.

|| *Mitchell v. Oldfield* 4 T. R. 123.

* *Hall v. Ody.* 2 Pull. & Bos. 29 M. 40 G. 111. A. D. 1799.

tween the estate of the principal and the other party, one debt may be set against the other. This may be done by giving it in evidence on the general issue, or by pleading it in bar: except where either of the debts accrued by reason of a penalty contained in a sealed instrument, in which case the debt intended to be set-off must be pleaded in bar, and the plea must state how much is truly and justly due on either side: but in all cases where the general issue is pleaded, notice must be given at the time of pleading, of the particular sum or debt intended to be set-off, and upon what account it became due.

Within this commonwealth, our statutes authorise a defendant, who is sued on a simple contract, not under seal, to give in evidence, under the general issue, his account against the plaintiff, which has been duly filed, for goods delivered, monies paid, or services done. But we think, that the whole admirable system, which prevails in Great Britain, on this subject, is worthy of being adopted within this state; because it is calculated to lessen the number of suits, and to diminish the expense of litigation. By our present law, if the plaintiff is as much or even more indebted to the defendant, than the latter is to him, there is no provision made for striking a balance, except in the limited number of cases, which are stated above. In a court of equity, men are compelled to do what is most clearly just and right to be done; and therefore on application to such a tribunal, the plaintiff might be compelled to strike a balance. But even this course was found in Great Britain to be too tedious to afford an adequate remedy, and therefore the statutes of set-off were enacted to supply the defect.

We should here conclude the notice of this book, but as we have mentioned the jurisdiction of the court of chancery, we shall advert to the necessity of adding such a tribunal to our judicial system. It is becoming every day more necessary in this commonwealth, by reason of its increasing numbers and growing commerce. The means of redress for injury, and for the defence of right, should keep pace with the publick necessities. For every wrong there ought to be a remedy well known, and common to all the citizens. We confess there is nothing to apprehend, that our laws will not be sufficiently *numerous*; but we have something to fear, that from the imperfect organization of our judicial system, or from the defect of competent tribunals, evils will exist, for the redress of which it belongs to a well regulated government to make an adequate provision. We can enumerate important evils, which may exist, to which our courts of law cannot apply a remedy, and for the redress of which we ought to be able to apply to a court of chancery.

Many valuable estates are bolden in this commonwealth by persons in trust for individuals and bodies corporate. But we have no tribunal to compel the performance of these trusts, if the fiduciary should refuse to account for the profits, or if the *cestui que trust* should require the actual seizin of the estate.

There is no tribunal, in which a trustee of personal property, as, for example, one in whose name publick stock stands in trust for another, can be compelled to transfer the certificates. Nor is there a tribunal, which can compel persons, to whom personal property is assigned, on condition of performing certain duties, to the spe-

cific performance of those duties. A person can, at common law, recover for breach of a covenant only the stipulated penalty for non performance, or damages for the breach to be estimated by a jury. But it may often happen, that this will be an inadequate remedy; and therefore it is desirable, that we may be able to recur to some tribunal, which shall have power to enforce the specific performance of an agreement, unless natural justice should require, that it should not be executed. Our present judicial system is defective in these respects, and hence we infer the necessity of the creation of a Court with Chancery Jurisdiction.

The Chancery is, in its proceedings, absolved from "the stated conciseness and traditionary forms" of the courts of law, and modifies its decrees according to the equity of each case. It has power to prescribe or forbid particular things to be done or suffered by a decree *tam in personam quam in rem*. The prohibitory writ, called an *injunction*, which issues from this court, "is more expeditiously and specifically remedial in preventing the waste and spoliation of estates, than redress by action at law. Injunctions are with equal reason granted to inhibit the sudden and iniquitous dissolution of a commercial partnership, to stay proceedings at law, and in general to restrain any injury and mischief not easy to be repaired."† The power which this court has to compel a party to any secret transaction to a conscientious discovery on oath, as for example, to disclose the consideration of a bond, charged to have been obtained by legal fraud, has been found on experi-

ence to promote the ends of justice. This power does not authorise the court to compel a man to confess what would render him liable on a criminal accusation. There arises a temptation to commit perjury, when men are permitted or required to testify where their interest is concerned. But cases frequently occur, where there is no other mode of bringing to light dark things, than by requiring the agents to relate them under the awful sanction of an appeal to Him, who is the certain avenger of perjury.

The Chancery has the power of mitigating, in particular instances, the rigour of positive law, where, from the imperfection of language, or from the nature of general provisions, the letter of the law is in truth at variance with the intention of the legislator. But this does not authorise any violation of a fundamental maxim of the common law, or any decision contrary to the meaning and intent of a statute. The same law prevails in the courts of law and in the chancery, but the great and important benefits, which result from the latter jurisdiction, flow from its mode of administering justice, whereby it is enabled to reach cases, and to apply remedies, to which the former cannot apply adequate relief, or of which they have not cognizance.

It is not our intention to enter into a minute investigation of the original nature or use of courts of chancery. We wish only to suggest the subject to the consideration of those, whose province it is to provide for the publick necessities and to whose wisdom, fidelity and power are committed, "*omnis rei publicæ dignitas, omnium civium salus, vita, libertas, aræ, foci, dii penates, bona, fortunæ, ac domicilia.*"

† 1 Woodd. Lectures. 206.
Vol. IV. No. 2. N

ART. 6.

American Annals ; or a chronological history of America from its discovery in 1492 to 1806. In two volumes. By Abiel Holmes, D. D., A. A. S., S. H. S., minister of the first church in Cambridge. In two volumes. Vol. II. Comprising a period of one hundred and fourteen years. Cambridge, Wm. Hilliard. 8vo. pp. 540.

IT is with no small pleasure we see the other volume of this valuable work emitted from the press. We consider it among the useful publications of this country : and the author has endeavoured to make the book entertaining, as well as useful. It is a kind of family record for those, who are members of the same community ; to which they will occasionally recur for facts and dates, and in which they will find lively remarks and biographical sketches well interspersed to increase their general information. Our annals exhibit men worthy of our admiration and love, to whom we look with interest and affection, and whose examples glow, while their precepts teach better than monuments of marble and brass. "There be of them, that left a name behind them, that their names may be reported." "And there be some that have no memorial," as speaks the eastern sage ; "who are perished, as though they had never been, and have become as though they had never been born, and their children after them. But these were merciful men, whose *righteousness* has not been forgotten."

The present volume contains the transactions of New-England, since the charter of William and Mary, more fully than those of the

other parts of America ; or rather it may be called the annals of that part of North America, now comprised within the government of the United States ; though at times, our author refers to important events in South America, and the West Indies.

Soon after Governour Phips arrived with the new charter the country was disturbed by the witchcraft at Salem.

'A strange infatuation had already begun to produce misery in private families and disorder throughout the community. The imputation of witchcraft was accompanied with a prevalent belief of its reality ; and the lives of a considerable number of innocent people were sacrificed to blind zeal, and superstitious credulity. The mischief began at Salem in February ; but it soon extended into various parts of the colony. The contagion was principally within the county of Essex. Before the close of September, nineteen persons were executed and one pressed to death, all of whom asserted their innocence.'

The Dr. here gives a just view of the conduct of the judges, and the spirit of the people ; for which he is much indebted to a most excellent letter, preserved in the Collections of the Historical Society, and written by Thomas Brattle, esq.

There are some curious things extracted from other MSS. especially Judge Sewall's, one of the judges, who condemned these unhappy persons, and afterwards lamented his delusion.

'The trial of the witches in Suffolk, 1684,' says Dr. H. 'manifested, that there was so exact a resemblance between the Old England demons and the *New*, it can hardly be doubted, the arts of the designing were borrowed, and the credulity of the populace augmented from the parent country.'

This remark is confirmed by facts. Glanville had written a book of odd tales and silly legends, to prove that witches may turn into cats and dogs, and that they who have any correspondence, especially carnal copulation with them, may do likewise. This book, which Dr. I. Mather brought over, was read and believed. It was the combustible matter of Salem witchcraft. John Webster, a practitioner in physick, a plain man, but a great philosopher, turned the work of Glanville into ridicule, so that it lost its credit in England; and Robert Calef of Boston did the same in New-England by his *Wonders of the Invisible World*, in which he exposed the influence of the Mathers, and confuted their writings.

Of the pirates who spread so great an alarm along the coast of the Southern colonies, mentioned in page 95, Dr. Holmes might have obtained a more correct account from vol. 6 of State Trials, than perhaps any journalist could afford him. Several of the crew were acquitted, and even some who were found guilty were not executed. Twenty-two were hanged at once in Charleston, and their commander soon after.

'A.D. 1719. The Aurora Borealis was first seen in New-England on the 17th of December. It began about 8 o'clock in the evening; and filled the country with terrible alarm. It was viewed as a sign of the last judgment. This phenomenon was first seen in England 6 March, 1715, from the evening to near 3 o'clock in the morning, to the great consternation of the people.' P. 99.

A question arises concerning the Aurora Borealis, whether it had ever appeared before this time? We see the benefit of *annals*, where remarkable appearan-

ces are marked down; and we have only to wish, that observations had been made in books of an earlier date by the philosophers of Europe. The same causes produce like effects. It would be strange to think this phenomenon had never attracted men's attention before. We put the question then for information, Whether, in the old books, nothing is said about the Aurora Borealis among the appearances of the heavens? Whether the ancients have observed any thing about it? What Seneca meant by the *chasmata celi*? Some have thought he intended the same phenomenon.

In page 125 of this volume we are made acquainted with the number of negroes in South Carolina in 1730. They are estimated 'to have been 20,000; of which number 10,000 are supposed to have been capable of bearing arms. Their superiority to the white people emboldened them to lay a plot for a general massacre, but it was seasonably discovered, and happily suppressed.'

We call that part of the Annals very useful, which preserves the account of the population, the trade, treaties with the Indians, &c. Hence we shall quote the statement of the *whale fishery* on the North American coast in the same year.

'For there arrived in England from these coasts, about the month of July, 154 tons of train and whale oil, and 9200 of whale bone. In the first 15 days of July, there arrived at London from the American sugar colonies upward of 10,000 hogsheads of sugar, and 15,000 gallons of rum; and half as much more was computed to have been carried to Bristol, Liverpool, and Glasgow. From Barbadoes, this year, there were exported to Great-Britain 22,769 hogsheads of sugar.

'Six Cherokee Indians accompanied Sir Alexander Cumming to England, where a treaty of peace was signed,' &c. 'The inhabitants of the several towns of the Cherokees amounted to more than 20,000, 6000 of whom were warriors.' P.125.

For his documents of South Carolina and Georgia, Dr. Holmes is indebted to an anonymous history of those provinces, which was for sale in this town some years ago, but is now scarce. A later edition may have been printed with the author's name; for our annalist refers to *Hewit*, whom we suppose to be one of the ministers of Edinburgh. He some years ago resided in America. To his account of Georgia the Dr. has added certain valuable observations of his own, and some facts, well worth preserving.

A. D. 1746. A curious fact is mentioned for the observation of our spiritual corps.

'Ordination of ministers among the Separates in New England began this year. During the memorable period between 1740 and 1750, there were formed perhaps thirty small separate congregations; some of which were afterward dissolved; others became regular; and ten or twelve, which remained in 1785, were "more and more convinced of the duty of seeking ordination from among the standing ministers."

Dr. Holmes in a note upon this says, that these may be traced to the preaching of George Whitefield. 'Previous to his arrival in America, the churches in New England experienced little innovation. The discourses from the desk, though evangelical, were not impassioned. Such was the state of New-England, when a foreign preacher, young, zealous, eloquent, and daring, appeared in

her churches. The same evangelical truths, which people had from their infancy been taught to regard as divine, were now exhibited in a manner new and surprising; and every dormant passion was excited.' The question is, whether the result of this spiritual *Quixotism* was for the benefit of religion and morality? It completely broke the order and discipline of the New-England churches; it shook the walls of our university; and filled the country with enthusiasm and ill humour. Before this time, the people were governed by pious principles; and their religion had less passion with it. Men, from a sense of duty, attended publick worship; heads of families and magistrates were church members; in every house, there was a regular morning and evening sacrifice. There was peace in the hamlet, honour in the temples, and order in the community. But how soon did the river, which maketh glad the people of God by its gentle streams, to use the figure of the Psalmist, become like the troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt! Ministers of piety and learning were pointed at by the finger of scorn, and obliged to quit their parishes; the most orthodox preachers, if they had not a voice, and zeal which blazed, were said to be unconverted; and all the tender charities of life were despised, as the filthy rags of a prostitute. If there ever should be a *town-meeting orator*, with talents like Whitefield, and he should make a cry for liberty, and set himself against laws and rulers, the state of society may show, what a revolution our churches suffered from the conduct of that wonderful man. Our author's reflection is very proper; for every historian

should use this motto, *Medium est virtus quod tenuisse juvat*. 'In a review of this subject,' says he, 'to condemn indiscriminately were uncharitable, if not impious; to approve, without stricture, were to incur a just charge of weakness and enthusiasm.'

The last 200 pages of this volume are taken up with the affairs which led to the Revolution or were connected with it. Hence it cannot be so interesting to the antiquarian; and it is less important to the common reader, as the same thing has been said so often either by Gordon, Ramsay, Marshall, or Pemberton, who, though mentioned last, is not least worthy of respect; having written a journal of the war, printed in the Historical Collections, which makes up a chief part of the 2d volume, and another book more diffuse upon the subject, in MS. styled Memoirs of the Revolution in Massachusetts, besides his chronological papers, to which Dr. H. so frequently recurs.

There are two facts, which our author must have received from *hear-say*, as he quotes no authority; but which are contrary to common report, and to the general account of our historians. In page 335, which takes up the events of the war in 1775, there is a concise description of the battle of *Breed's-hill*, in which words are put in the mouth of Gen. Putnam which we always understood were spoken by Col. Starke. He certainly commanded the troops behind the rail fence, which did such amazing execution upon the British forces as they ascended the hill. Gen. Putnam had no command that day. He went down as a volunteer, like General Warren. The one went into the trenches; the other remained

without, to encourage the men. Had he been the commander, would he not have ordered *Ger-rish* and *Scammel* to join the fighting men, instead of going where men had been placed by their Colonel and were doing their duty, and who were already in the best situation they could be?

Dr. Holmes says Putnam conducted the retreat. He would not have used the expression, had he been on the spot. It is the first time we have ever met with it, as applied to this battle. Instead of a *retreat*, every man ran by himself, or all ran in the most disorderly manner, some over the common and some to Medford, just as they could best avoid the enemy's fire. Gen. Putnam was a deserving officer, but not to be named this day with Col. Starkes. No men ever behaved with more courage, than the Americans who fought; none with more cowardice, than those who remained idle at some distance.

It is true, that Dr. H. quotes four lines of poetry, where the merit of Gen. Putnam is celebrated; but a man may be a good poet, and no historian. For facts, we may expect more from old parchments.

The other exception we make is to a marginal note, page 344, where he mentions the death of General Montgomery. It is contrary to an account given in the Historical Collections, Vol. 1st, p. 111. A gentleman furnished that article, who knew every minute circumstance which took place. Our annalist refers to no authority.

On all that part of the volume, containing materials for our history since the close of our war with great Britain, we are compelled to say, that it is meagre and unsatisfactory. Yet we cannot accuse

Dr. Holmes of having neglected his duty; for unfortunately the means were not within his reach. The early part of our history will soon be known with greater certainty, than the later occurrences. We cannot however but regret, that no notice is taken of the history of the questions on the British Treaty.

On page 466 we observe a confusion in the printing of the notes, which we should not have expected from a press so correct, as that of Cambridge. So valuable a work, which may be quoted three centuries hence, should have received a more careful revision, than is usually bestowed on the inflammatory publications of the politicians of an hour, who must know,

Debemur mortui nos nostraque.

We are much pleased with the concluding remarks of our author.

‘Of the three centuries, which have elapsed since the discovery of America, nearly two have passed since the permanent settlement of Virginia. The events of these two centuries are in the highest degree interesting to us; and for that reason they have been the more recited. The means, by which five millions of people have, in so short a time become planted in a wilderness; have established free constitutions of Government; and risen to opulence, to independence, and to national distinction, merit serious inquiry. Much unquestionably is to be ascribed to the salubrity of the climate of North America; to the fertility and variety of its soil; to the extent of its sea coast; to its many navigable rivers; to the excellent pasturage and fisheries of the north, and the valuable products of the south; to the enterprise, industry, simplicity of manners, and unconquerable love of liberty, which have characterised the inhabitants; to the early establishment of schools, and seminaries of

learning, and the general diffusion of knowledge; to early formation of churches and the regular maintenance of publick worship; and to the union and co-operation of the colonies, in measures for the defence and interests of the whole. But, whatever has been the influence of these causes, there is still the highest reason for acceding to the conclusions of Washington: “No people can be bound to acknowledge and adore the invisible hand, which conducts the affairs of men, more than the people of the United States. Every step, by which they have advanced to the character of an independent nation, seems to have been distinguished by some token of providential agency.” By the same means, and under the same divine patronage, may the prosperity of the United States be protracted until TIME SHALL BE NO LONGER.’ P. 308.

ART. 7.

The Garland of Flowers; composed of translations, chiefly original, from the Spanish, Italian, Greek, Latin, &c. By Robert Walpole, esq. B.A. of Trinity college, Cambridge. ‘Ne leggano i severi i detti nostri.’ Tasso. New-York, reprinted by Riley & Co. 1806.

Few studies have been so diligently cultivated as that of translation, and few are of such extensive utility. It is a kind of classick commerce, which gives us the treasures of every country, and on which few other duties are imposed beside that of fidelity. But there are a species of smugglers and counterfeits, who have contrived to elude this impost, and who have introduced into the republick a base sort of merchandise. This is most to be lamented. By translation, the obstacles which obstruct the paths of knowledge are in a great measure removed; and life, which seems too short for per-

fection in any individual branch of science, by this happiest of modern inventions, may be said figuratively to be prolonged.

Most of the flowers which compose this little volume, entitled the *Garland*, have already been transplanted into English verse, and we must say by more skilful hands. Some of them have received the labours of great and learned competitors for the poetick laurel. Those which now first appear in English are not indebted to Mr. Walpole for any thing beyond the smoothness of their versification ; perhaps little more should be looked for, as the work is professedly (ridiculous affectation !) the “ result of employment in hours of relaxation from other literary pursuits,” intended *merely* as “ an exercise to become more intimately acquainted with the language of the originals,” and as such cannot be a subject of serious criticism. Doubtless the work was published at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Walpole’s friends.

Isabel, from the Spanish, is perhaps the best specimen of the writer’s ability ; the first stanza is peculiarly happy ; “ corrientes aguas puras cristallinas,” &c.

‘ Ye crystal floods, that lave
With gently murmuring wave
These banks, where spring its earliest
sweets exhales ;
Ye lofty shades that show
Within the stream below
Your broad bows bending to the whis-
pering gales.’

Nor is the fourth inferiour to this in point of harmony.

‘ And is all fled, like dreams
That fade before morn’s beams ?
In vain these eyes each grace, each
charm require,’ &c.

The fifteenth reads very differently in the edition of the learned

Sanctius, and the English versification is very rough. Perhaps there is not a softer poet in the Spanish language than Garcilaso de Vega ; there is none who has so enriched the poetry of his country.

The *Morgenlied*, from the German of Gesner, is also a beautiful little poem, and we will not say it is here “ shorn of its beams.”

The sonnet from the Sicilian of Meli nearly resembles the fourteenth canzone of Petrarch, so often and so beautifully translated, that it is wonderful Mr. W. should have attempted it “ in his hours of relaxation.”

We wish with the translator, that he “ had not been prevented by want of time from selecting the originals” from the various authors he has undertaken to translate. It would have been more satisfactory to the reader, and perhaps more favourable to the translator, to have presented the readings of those editions he has used. In a work, where recurrence must be had to so many authors of different languages to test the translator’s fidelity, this is still more necessary. But we are sensible, that in most translations, like the little volume in review, “ time is always wanted to collect the originals.”

ART. 3.

Annals of the life of the Right Hon. William Pitt. Philadelphia, B. Graves, for Hugh Maxwell, &c. 12mo. pp. 138.

THIS work has been for some months before the American public. It issued from the English press shortly after the death of the illustrious personage of whom it professes to be a biography ; was republished in Philadelphia with extraordinary celerity, and has am-

ply repaid the promptitude and activity of the printers, by a very rapid sale of a large edition. The *English editor* (who, with due modesty, abstains from a pretension to the name of Author) enters upon his subject, by cautioning the reader against "expecting anecdotes, where he will encounter orations, and incidents, where he will but meet with opinions," and candidly professes to have resorted principally to the journals of parliament and the periodical publications for the matter of his volume. As he here promises but little—he may certainly claim the modicum of merit, due to a literal performance of this promise; but, while we allow him this praise, we think it our duty to state that another, as solemn, though but implied, engagement still remains unperformed. So alluring a title page as "Annals of the life of the right honourable William Pitt," displayed in the front of a volume, at a bookseller's window, is a tacit promise to the publick, that either entertainment or instruction, either novelty of matter or felicity of selection, is to be there obtained. The credulous purchaser pays down his money, thrusts the half-bound treasure, yet damp and reeking from the press, into his bosom, retreats with hurried steps to his chamber, and, in the very first page, is informed, forsooth, by the candid *Editor*, that his precious work is compounded from garbled gazettes and pilfered magazines; that it is a book made by the scissors, a new edition of an old newspaper. We once more repeat that we think it our solemn duty to protest against this literary fraud; and we caution our readers, before they again commit the irremediable act of paying down their dollar on the counter of the bookseller, to borrow his paper cutter,

and take a previous sample of the whole piece.

In the biography of a man, who, in a short life of forty-seven years, had risen to such a lofty station on the rock of fame, it might be expected that the first twenty-two years should have occupied no inconsiderable portion of the volume. Though the period of his infancy might have been compendiously dispatched, yet the years of his adolescence must have furnished ample matter to his historian; and the cotemporary biographer might have gathered, from even colloquial sources, some testimonials of his prematurity of talents, some prognostics of his future greatness. The stories of his college and his university might have been collected, the companions of his amusements and his studies might have been questioned, and the trifling and the philosophick reader would have equally been gratified by the most common anecdotes of the early years of such a man. But the history of this long period, amounting to nearly half his life, is hurried over or compassed in less than two pages by his paper-sparing analyst.

"William Pitt" (says the *Editor*) was the youngest son of the illustrious Earl Chatham, and was born on the 28th of May, 1759, at a time when his father's glory was at its zenith; and when, in consequence of the wisdom of his councils, and the vigour and promptitude of his decisions, British valour reigned triumphant in every part of the globe. On the accession of his present majesty, that great statesman, in consequence of new arrangements, retired from the station which he had so honorably filled, and, consigning his elder sons to the care of others, he devoted his own time to the education of this his favourite child, on a strong and well-founded persuasion (as he was in the habit of saying) that "he would one day increase the glory of the name of Pitt." His classical

knowledge Mr. Pitt acquired under the care of a private tutor at Burton Pynsent, the seat of his father; and the Earl took pleasure in teaching him, while still a youth, to argue with logical precision, and to speak with elegance and force. He accustomed him to the practice of making accurate enquiries respecting every subject that caught his attention, and taught him not to remain satisfied with a superficial observation of appearances. These lessons brought him into an early practice of cool and patient investigation, rarely, if ever, acquired by those who prefer the trappings of eloquence, and the showy ornaments of language, to plain sober diction, and pertinent matter of fact. Under such an able paternal guide, an acute mind could not fail to imbibe a store of sound practical knowledge. The Earl saw in his son, a future statesman, and, in all probability, a future minister of his country also. It was a laudable ambition, and to gratify it he spared no exertions; directing his whole attention to the great object of rendering his son accomplished in all things requisite to form a publick character, and to preserve the lustre already attached to the name of William Pitt. He, himself, frequently entered into disputations with him, and encouraged him to converse with others, upon subjects far above what could be expected from his years. In the management of these arguments, his father would never cease to press him with difficulties: nor would he permit him to stop, till the subject of contention was completely exhausted. By being inured to this method, the son acquired that quality which is of the first consequence in publick life... a sufficient degree of firmness and presence of mind, as well as a ready delivery, in which he was wonderfully aided both by nature and education. That he might enjoy all the benefits of instruction which this country could give him, and at the same time, by a rapid progress in the preliminary studies, qualify himself early for the senate, he was, at between fourteen and fifteen years of age, taken from under the private tuition of the Rev. Mr. Wilson, and entered at Pembroke hall, Cambridge, where he was placed under the tuition of Dr. Turner, now dean of Norwich, and Dr. Pretyman, the present bishop of Lincoln; who, in the ded-

ication of his excellent elementary work on Christian Theology, has, in terms of very affectionate regard, borne the most honorable testimony, not only to the promising abilities, but to the private virtues and amiable dispositions of his illustrious pupil. Mr. Pitt was afterwards entered a student of Lincoln's Inn, and made so rapid a progress in his legal studies, as to be soon called to the bar, with every prospect of success. He once or twice went upon the western circuit, and appeared as junior counsel in several causes. On the dissolution of Parliament in September, 1780, Mr. Pitt was returned for a borough, at the age of 22.

From this era of his political birth until the year of his death, we lose sight of Mr. Pitt (at least in the pages of the annalist) and behold only the politician and the premier. It is not our wish to detain the reader, or swell our review with giving extracts from extracts; but we will content ourselves with referring him to the newspapers of the last eighteen years for specimens of the matter and style of the remainder of the volume. As we have however quoted the first page, we will also quote the last, and, in so doing, believe we have given all, which has any claim to originality:—

During the early part of the year, the greatest efforts had been used by the British government to awaken the continental powers to a just sense of their own honour and of the dangers that awaited them from the enormous power of France, and to induce the three great princes to make common cause with this country. Bonaparte in the meanwhile was increasing his preparations for invasion, and they were so nearly matured, that the attempt was expected to be made every day, when the French troops were suddenly marched from Bologne to Germany. A coalition had indeed been formed, and upon a scale of such magnitude, that ministers, with reason, hoped a most successful issue. The precipitancy and fatal errors of the Austrians are known, and the consequent defeat

of the coalesced monarchs by the disgraceful capitulation of Ulm, and the victory of Austerlitz, which enabled Bonaparte to dictate peace to the emperor of Germany, to compel the emperor of Russia to march his army back to his own dominions, and to new-model the territories and governments of the German princes. The depression which events so calamitous, and so entirely beyond the ordinary occurrences of war, produced in England, was great and general. The nation could scarcely be roused by the glorious battle of Trafalgar. Mr. Pitt, whose health had long been declining under the fatigues of never-ceasing attention to the affairs of his country, sunk beneath the calamity. He had been to Bath for the benefit of the waters, and had returned to London for the purpose of attending the meeting of parliament, when his disorder increased to an alarming degree. It was an hereditary gout, attended with extreme weakness brought on by a too anxious attention to business. His nervous system was so shattered as to deprive him for weeks together of sleep. Water in the chest, and extraordinary debility of the stomach, supervened. On Tuesday, the 21st of January, 1806, his disorder was so aggravated, that all expectation was at an end. It became necessary for his physicians to declare an opinion, and that Mr. Pitt himself should be made acquainted with his imminent danger. The bishop of Lincoln, his tutor and friend, who had constantly attended him, fulfilled the painful office with firmness. Mr. Pitt was hardly sensible: this dreaded shock had scarcely power to dissipate his lethargy; but after a few moments he waved his hand, and was left alone with the bishop. He had desired that some papers should be brought to him, to which his signature was necessary; and after he had settled all worldly concerns, he desired to receive the sacrament from his venerable friend, and it was accordingly administered. Some time passed in the solemn duties of religion. His will was made in a calm interval between this time and the following day. He had signified a desire to write a few lines, but his exhausted condition deprived him of the power. The physicians now thought proper to discontinue medicine. During the morning of Wednesday repeated inquiries were

made after him, and a statement of his danger was transmitted to his majesty, to his relations, and most of his friends; lady Hester Stanhope, his niece, and Mr. James Stanhope had an interview with him on Wednesday morning, and received his last adieu; his brother, the earl of Chatham, took his last farewell in the afternoon. The bishop of Lincoln continued with him all night. The mortal symptoms were now approaching to a crisis. His extremities were already cold, and his senses began to fail. As a last and desperate effort to protract life, blisters were applied to the soles of his feet; they restored him to something of sensation and recollection, but they could arrest nothing of the progress of death. It is said that he continued clear and composed till a short time before his dissolution, which took place without a struggle, at half past four on the Thursday morning, and the last words that trembled on his lips were "OH MY COUNTRY."

We feel unwilling to dismiss this volume, without bestowing on it some signal marks of our unqualified censure. We would wish, with censorial justice, to gibbet it, in terror to those writers, "who make books, as apothecaries make medicines, by pouring from one vessel into another." But its subject has saved it: the medal intrinsically is worthless, but the image and superscription are divine; nor could we, without scruple, assign, to the cook or the trunkmaker, those pages which are sanctified by the magnum et venerabile nomen of William Pitt.

ART. 9.

Letters on the existence and character of the Deity, and on the moral state of man. By Thomas Dobson. Philadelphia, printed by the author. 2 vols. 12mo.

In the preface the author laments the general want of scriptural knowledge among young

men, and informs us that these letters "were designed as materials or hint for thinking, and are published with an earnest desire of drawing the attention of young persons to the study of those subjects which are universally important."

We were ready to give every degree of credit, and make every allowance that might possibly be required, to a writer who proceeded on such worthy motives; and were much pleased with the perspicuity of his style, and the clearness with which he evinces the general truths of christianity, in the first part of his work; but hope and confidence were soon displaced by surprise and disappointment, when we found the sole aim, and scope of the whole work, was to revive exploded heresies, to propagate erroneous opinions, and give to wild unfounded conjectures the semblance of established truth. Such is the tendency of these letters, which exhibit their author as a Pythagorean, a Universalist, and an Anabaptist.

That we should combat the fanciful notion of a metempsychosis, or the doctrines of universal redemption, and the impropriety of baptising infants, is perfectly unnecessary. Orthodox christians, who have been at any pains to examine their faith, and know upon what foundation it stands, are satisfied that these points have been amply discussed by able men, have been long settled, and the rubbish thrown aside by all straight-headed persons, who wish not to be interrupted in the right path, and presume not to be wise above what is written. With respect to the uninformed, they can be directed to better sources, from whence to derive more satisfaction than either our time or talents can furnish for them. We will, however, observe that Mr. Dobson, in his translation

of the Greek words *αἰών* and *αἰώνιος*, is not authorized by the best lexicographers and commentators.—

The adjective, in its primary sense, signifies a *real and proper eternity*. It is an universal rule, in all languages, that words must be taken in their original acceptation, unless there be some concomitant circumstance, exprest or implied, to give them a figurative sense. "The words *everlasting, eternal, forever*, and the like, (says bishop Newton) are sometimes used in a limited sense, or do not always signify an endless duration. But whenever these words do not signify an endless duration, it is because they are applied to things, which are only of temporary duration, and manifestly and confessedly known to be such. The sense is limited and restrained by the nature of the thing. But when the nature of the thing does not limit and restrain it, the words should certainly be taken in their proper and genuine signification." *Newton's Works*, vol. 6, p. 353.

Unless Mr. D. can prove, that he understands Greek better than the ablest divines, who have written on this subject, we shall not feel inclined to adopt his translations.

When an author again intrudes upon the publick, topics which were once in controversy, but upon which the greatest number of most learned and eminent divines have clearly decided; there is reason to fear that he can have no other object in view than to increase the perplexity of those who still doubt, and mislead the weak and wavering, who are easily "blown about by every wind of doctrine;" for what effect can he expect to produce on men of ability, who, with upright intentions, have examined for themselves? But, perhaps, he flatters himself

that he has gone deeper into the subject than his predecessors in heterodoxy, and has brought forward arguments not only new, but of more force and efficacy than any others; if such are his notions, we must take the liberty to undeceive him, and assure him we have seen

the very same subjects attempted to be supported by the very same and many other arguments, in which we have found more ingenuity and plausibility than is in our power to compliment him with.

CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

For FEBRUARY, 1807.

Sunt bona, sunt quedam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—MART.

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The Christian Character exemplified from the papers of Mary Magdalen A——s, late wife of Frederick Charles A——s, of Goodman's Fields; selected and revised by John Newton, Rector of St. Mary, Woolmoth. New-York, Kimber, Conrad, & Co.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Memoirs of the Life of Marmontel, written by himself.—It is now two years since the original of this work made its appearance in Paris, under the superintendence of the relatives of the celebrated writer; and it has passed through three editions in England, and been translated into nearly all the living languages. The London edition is in 4 vols. and sells here at \$8. The American edition is comprised in 2 vols. 12mo. containing the same quantity of matter, on brevier type, at \$2 bound. New-York, Brisban & Brannan.

The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other poems, by James Montgomery. This work will be comprised in 1 vol. 18mo, making about 200 pages, neatly impressed on fine wove paper, and a handsome new type. 75 cents, extra boards. Boston, James F. Fletcher.

Darwin's Botanick Garden, 2d edition. New-York, T. & J. Swords.

Poems, by Richard B. Davis. New-York, T. & J. Swords.

A Fourth Edition of the Secret History of the Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud, with considerable additions.—12mo. New-York, Brisban & Brannan.

The 2d edition of the Trial of Thos. Oliver Selfridge, Esq. 8vo. Boston.

Roberts on Frauds. New-York, Brisban & Brannan.

Mrs. West's Letters to a Young Lady. 12mo. Brisban & Brannan.

A new edition of Webster's Grammar, revised and greatly enlarged by the author. New-York, Brisban & Brannan.

Walker's Dictionary abridged. New-York, Brisban and Brannan.

A faithful report of the trial of the cause of Philip I. Arcularius vs. Wm. Coleman, Gent. being an action for a libel. Taken in short hand, by William Sampson, Esq. and given to the publick at the request of some of his friends. New-York, Bernard Dornin.

The Picture of New York, &c. 12mo. New-York, Isaac Riley & Co.

WORKS ANNOUNCED.

Essays, in a Series of Letters to a Friend, on the following subjects. 1. On a man's writing memoirs of himself. 2. On decision of character. 3. On the application of the epithet, romantick. 4. On some of the causes by which evangelical religion has been rendered less acceptable to persons of cultivated taste. By John Foster. Two volumes in one. From the 3d London edition. 12mo. pp. 350. \$1 bound. Hartford, Lincoln & Gleason.

The Life of Samuel Johnson. LL.D. comprehending an account of his studies, and numerous works, in chronological order; a series of his epistolary correspondence and conversations with many eminent persons; and various original pieces of his composition, never before published: the whole exhibiting a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain, for near half a century during which he flourished. By James Boswell, esq. 3 vols. 8vo. of nearly 600 pages each, on a superfine yellow wove paper and new type. \$2,25 to subscribers per vol. in boards. Boston, Wm. Andrews and L. Blake.

A new and interesting work, called, Female Biography; or, Memoirs of illustrious and celebrated Women of all ages and countries. By Mary Hays. 3 vols. 8vo. \$2 per vol. in boards, or \$7,50 for the set, bound. Philadelphia.

A part of the Works of the late Dr. Tappan, Hollis Professor of Divinity, in the University of Cambridge, consisting of a volume of his Sermons, and his Lectures on Jewish Antiquities: each volume to contain about 400 pages 8vo. on fine paper. Price to subscribers in boards, \$1,75 each vol. or \$2 neatly bound. A deduction of 12 1-2 per cent, will be made to all who take and pay for 6 vols. or more. A sketch of the author's life and character will be prefixed to one of the vols. The profits arising from the sales will be for the benefit of the widow. The MSS. which are in part prepared for the press, will be put into the hands of the printer, without delay, and published with all convenient dispatch. These vols. take the place of the single volume of sermons, proposed soon after the author's decease.

A view of the economy of the church of God, as it existed in its primitive

form, under the Abrahamic dispensation and the Sinai law ; and as it is perpetuated under the more luminous dispensation of the Gospel ; particularly in regard to the covenants. By Samuel Austin, A. M. minister of the gospel in Worcester, Massachusetts. Thomas & Sturtevant.

The Mysteries of the Castle ; or, the Victim of Revenge. A drama, in five

acts. By B. J. White. Price to subscribers 50 cts. Charleston, (S. C.) J. J. Negrin.

The Penitential Tyrant ; or Slave Trader Reformed : a poem, in 4 parts. By Thomas Branagan. New-York, S. Wood. This work has had one impression, but is now enlarged, by the author, and corrected.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

DOMESTICK.

A new case in legislation.

We have heard of the degree of Doctor of Physick having been conferred in certain European universities, by *royal* mandate. This course of proceeding, although at first view it may appear a little irregular, is, however, on reflection, found to be perfectly consistent with the principles of a monarchy, which make the sovereign the fountain of all titles of honour. There is an instance in New-York, where the legislature interfered by an express statute to enable an individual, named William Firby, to practise physick and surgery. This law was passed in April, 1804. The preamble states, that a number of inhabitants of Suffolk county had attested the performance of extraordinary cures by him, principally of the scorbutick kind ; that he could not comply with the terms required by the existing statute to obtain a regular license ; and that they hoped he might nevertheless be authorised ; whereupon it was enacted, that the first judge of the county, in case it should appear to his satisfaction, by three reputable physicians practising in the county, that the said person was qualified to practise physick and surgery, or either of them, to grant him a certificate thereof. And the filing of this certificate in the county clerk's office was declared to be a licence to practise in the State, any law to the contrary notwithstanding. This savours very much of obtaining the doctorate by popular mandate.

Messrs. John Conrad & Co. of New-York, have announced their intention of publishing, under the direction of Mr. Brown, an annual register of the United States. To commence with the present year.

Mr. R. Field, of Boston, has issued proposals for engraving a likeness of Gen. Henry Knox, from a very excellent portrait by Stuart, taken but a few weeks before his decease. The size of the plate to be 12 inches by 10. Price \$3 to be delivered in two months from the commencement of the engraving.

Col. Trumbull, of New-York, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription (early next summer, price \$10) two small Prints, one presenting the death of Gen. Warren, at the battle of Bunker's-Hill : the other, the death of Gen. Montgomery, at the attack of Quebec.

FOREIGN.

We have already noticed the meritorious exertions of Dr. Harrison for restoring the dignity and character of the Medical Profession ; the following has been communicated to us as **THE PLAN** which will be submitted at the ensuing session of the British parliament.—No person shall practice as physician, unless he be a graduate of some university in the united kingdoms, and has attained the age of twenty-four years.—He shall have studied the different branches of physick in an university or other respectable school or schools of physick, during the space of five years, two of which shall have been passed in the university where he takes his degree.—No person shall practise as surgeon under three and twenty years of age, nor until

he has obtained a diploma or licence from some one of the royal colleges of surgeons, or other surgical corporations of the united kingdoms.—He shall have served an apprenticeship of five years to a practitioner in surgery, and afterwards have spent at least two years in the study of anatomy and surgery in a reputable school or schools during the space of at least one year, and shall have attained the age of twenty-one years. No man shall practise midwifery, unless he has attended anatomical lectures twelve months, and received instructions for the same term from some experienced accoucheur, and shall have assisted at real labours.—And no female shall practise midwifery without a certificate of fitness and qualification from some regular practitioner or practitioners in that branch. No person shall follow the business of a retail chemist or druggist, unless he shall have served an apprenticeship of five years to that art. None of these restrictions to be construed to affect persons at present regularly practising, in the different branches of medicine. A register shall be kept of all medical practitioners in the united kingdom, and every person in future, entering upon the practice of any branch of the profession shall pay a fine on admission.

Mr. M. HAUGHTON'S series of engravings from Milton, Shakespeare, and Dante, after paintings by Mr. Fuseli, is forwarding as expeditiously as the nature of the work will admit. Five from Milton are already published, and the large plate of the Vision of the Lazarhouse is in hand. Mr. Haughton is distinguished for correctness of outline, and the mode of executing the fleshy parts of the figures is wholly original.

Proposals are issued for publishing The genuine Works of William Hogarth; illustrated with biographical anecdotes, a chronological catalogue, and commentary. By John Nichols, F.S.A. Edingb. and Perth; and the late George Steevens, esq. F.R.S. and F.S.A. In 16 Numbers, each number contain-

ing 7 or 8 plates, and about 40 pages of letter-press—making, when complete, two handsome volumes in quarto. The letter-press will be executed in a suitable style, to accompany at least 120 plates, to be engraved by Mr. Cook. Price \$3 per No. on demy paper; or \$6 on royal paper, with proof impressions of the plates. Subscriptions received in New York by E. Sargeant.

STATEMENT OF DISEASES, &c.

from Jan. 20 to Feb. 20.

The atmosphere has been generally clear and cloudless during the past month; yet we have had considerable snows, followed by heavy rains. The winds principally from the north-west. The east winds just begin to appear. The atmospherick temperature has been more equable than that of the last month.

A very general epidemick disease has prevailed, which has commonly commenced with an inflammatory affection of the throat, succeeded by short, dry cough, pains in the thoracick region and symptoms of pyrexia. This complaint has yielded to medical applications, nor has it, that we know of, proved fatal. Cases of *acute pneumonic inflammation* distinct from the above mentioned disease, have been rare. Acute rheumatism common. Sporadic and fatal cases of *scarlatina-anginosa* have occurred. Diseases of children very few in number.

EDITORS' NOTES.

'Account of Pedro de la Gasca, a Spanish priest,' is received and under consideration.

'Love, a poem delivered before the Nondescript club, by a youth.' The truly nondescript farrago of this amorous little swain is well worthy a nondescript society. We shall only say to this juvenile inamorato, as Shakespeare's Celia to Orlando, Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years.